HELL-BENT

A NOVEL OF HATE AND LOVE IN THE CLOUD

by RICHARD CARROLL

FEB. 20, 1937

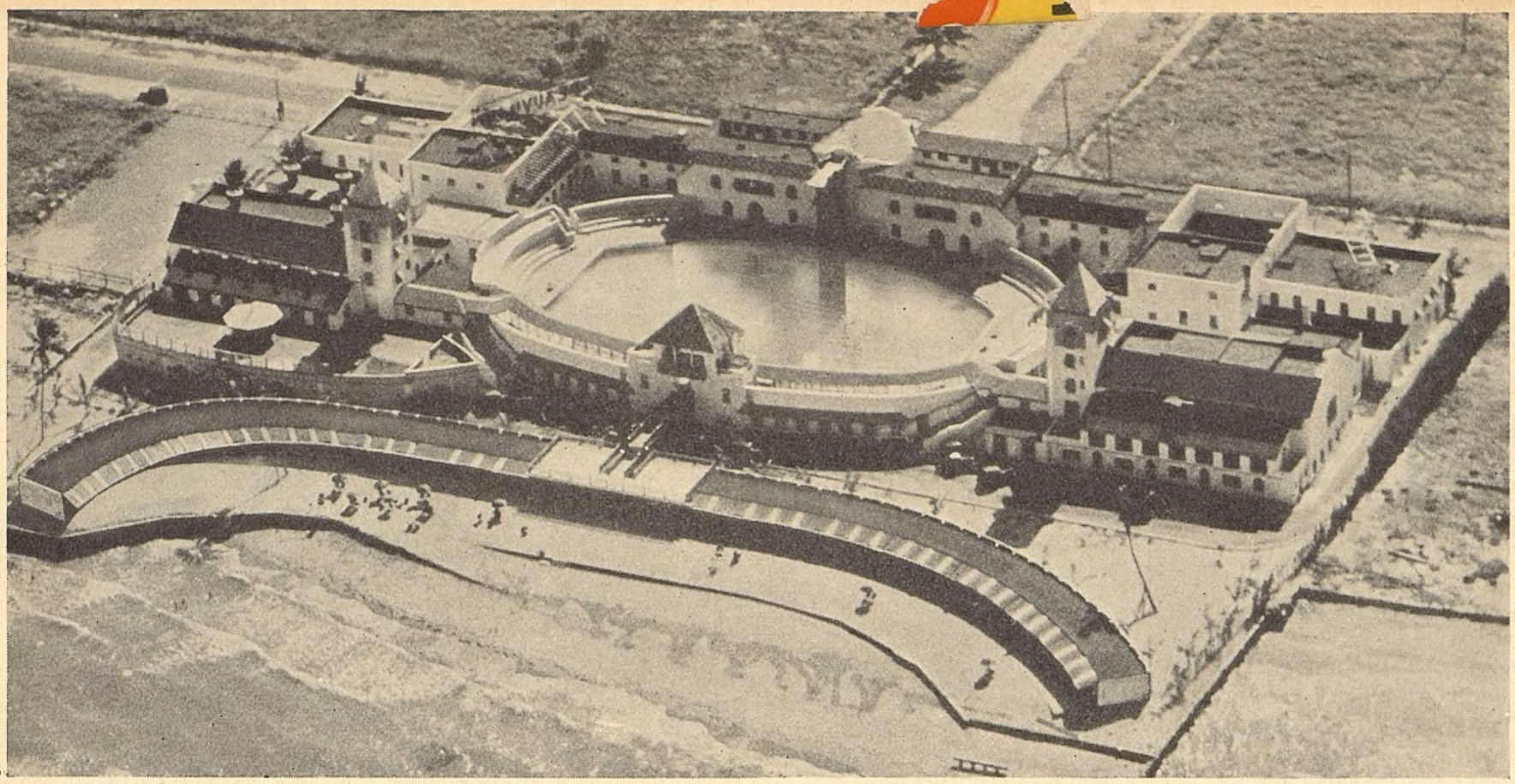
Liberty

5¢

Stories and Articles by

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN
D. THOMAS CURTIN
CLARA BERANGER
and Mme. SYLVIA

THESE FIGHTING LESSONS WILL HELP ANY MAN by **JOE LOUIS**



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Macfadden-Deauville

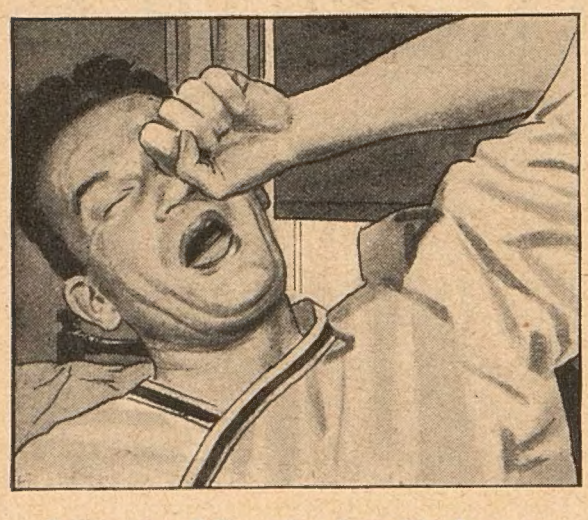
HOTEL AND PLEASURE SPOT

Collins Ave. at 67th Street, MIAMI BEACH, Florida

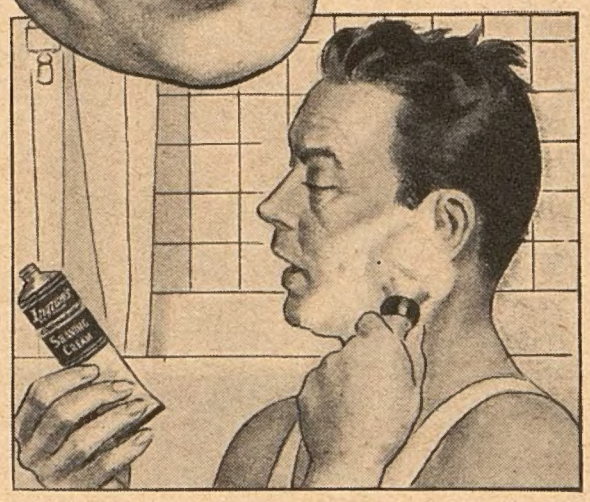
NEW YORK BOOKING ADDRESS -:- ROOM 1517 CHANIN BLDG.

FRED ALLEN says "I'M A MAN OF FEW (thousand) WORDS AND SIX OF THEM ARE

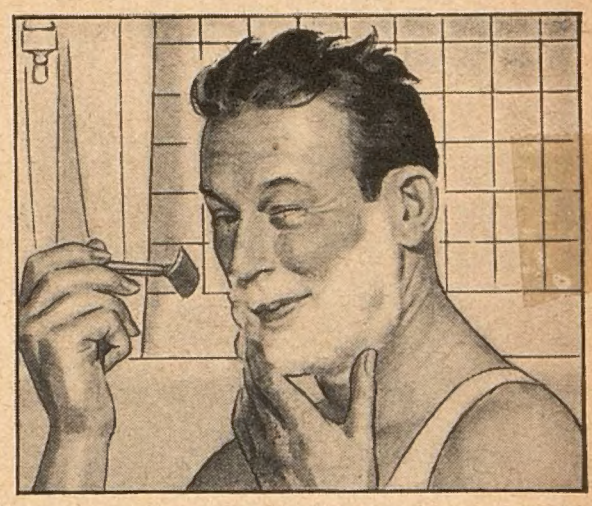
INGRAM'S COOLNESS IS A FACIAL MIRACLE!"



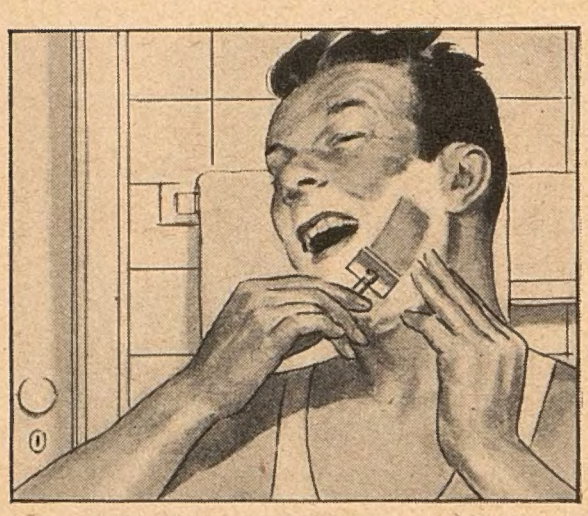
Believe me, folks, when I tumble from my mattress in the cold grey dawning (usually about noon), I don't sound funny and I don't feel funny but Portland says I look funny.



Lucky for me and the folks of my "Town Hall Tonight" audience, I'm "Pollyanna" Allen—the second I begin to douse my chin with Ingram's cool and luxuriant lather.



Ingram's—good old chin-charming and cheek-soothing Ingram's. It's cool as a rumble seat in February and it wilts tough whiskers quicker than a night club does your wallet.



From then on it's solid comfort! Every stroke of my razor is like the caress of a summer breeze. With Ingram's, the Allen "smile" comes through every time, cool and handsome.

And remember—Ingram's is *concentrated*—a little goes a long, long economical way. Schedule yourself for this facial miracle—get a tube or jar of Ingram's today. *You're next!*

AND WHETHER you're from Maine or Missouri, the first time you drape a cooling brushful of Ingram's luxury lather across your chin, you'll encore and echo Mister Allen's enthusiasm. For Ingram's *is* the coolingest, soothingest, grandest shaving cream that ever sent a man singing to breakfast.

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Give your face the first break it's ever had—get a jar or tube of Ingram's today.

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One week of cool Ingram shaves for the FIRST MILLION men who write for them!

Ingram's plans to introduce itself to 1,000,000 new men in 1937. Be one of them—use the special coupon good for a 7-day tube of Ingram's—for a real test of the smoothest, coolest shaving cream that ever blessed the cheeks of men. Mail to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. A-27, 636 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Cool and Concentrated

FEBRUARY 20, 1937

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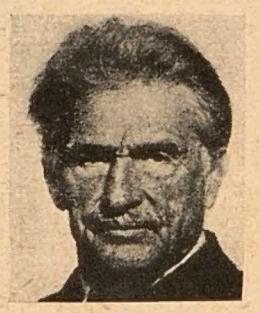
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

An Enemy That Can Destroy Us—Intolerance



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THIS country was founded by people who had been persecuted for their religious views. They were hardy and square-shouldered. They had the courage of their convictions. Here they found a place where they could practice their religion without hindrance.

Crossing the Atlantic Ocean at that time could be termed a death-defying adventure. They endured unimaginable horrors of cold and hunger. They faced the pitiless cruelty of Indian warfare.

Those red savages highly valued human scalps, which they usually removed while the victim was alive. They dashed out the brains of young children with wanton cruelty.

But our hardy forefathers won their place, though notwithstanding the lessons they had learned, there were many instances in which they oppressed other religious cults which disagreed with their principles.

The pitiless horrors perpetrated on the Quakers could not be published in Liberty Magazine, they were so dreadful, and the drowning of witches in Massachusetts still remains a horrid memory. But gradually the people of this country learned tolerance.

The Catholics driven out of England came to Maryland and established in that state what might be termed the first place in the world where the law stated any citizen could worship in any way he believed to be right. Thus the Catholics, often accused of persecutions, were nevertheless the first to establish complete religious freedom in the American colonies.

Yet this lesson of tolerance was only slowly learned. Bigotry, religious hatred, fanaticism, and racial prejudice—all are monsters of human thought and feeling and are still living realities, though in a limited degree. It is difficult to destroy them entirely. Whether it is by secret societies like the Know-Nothing, the A. P. A., or later the K. K. K. and the Black Legion, this vicious prejudice has some hideous vitality that is indeed difficult to destroy.

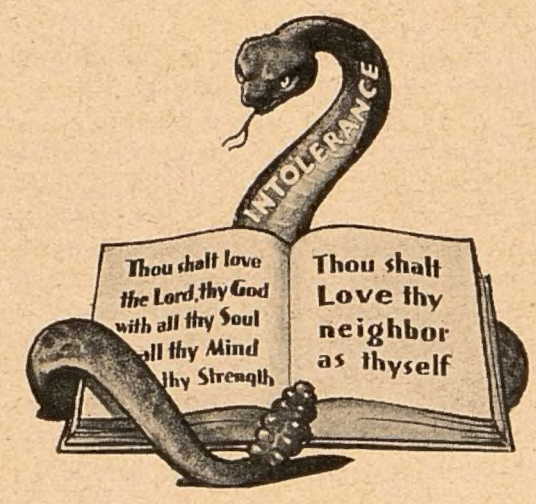
But slowly tolerance has won to the winning side. The United States laughed the Ku-Klux Klan out of existence by counting the cost of their nightgowns. It destroyed the Black Legion by a murder trial.

Bigotry and religious hatred are monstrous evils that we should master; something hideous to destroy for the sake of Christian and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, black man and white man.

We should make this country what it was originally meant to be—a refuge for free people who can do as they please as long as they do not infringe the rights of other citizens, who can believe as they will, worship God in their own way, and be willing to allow their neighbors the same privilege. That is the invaluable heritage that has come down to us.

We have gradually evolved from the savagery of a grim and vicious past in our religious life, but religious freedom is a possession which is beyond price, and we should be willing to make any sacrifices to attain it.

The maintenance of a government where one can be unhampered by either religious or political restrictions represents the ideal for which we should strive.



Bernarr Macfadden

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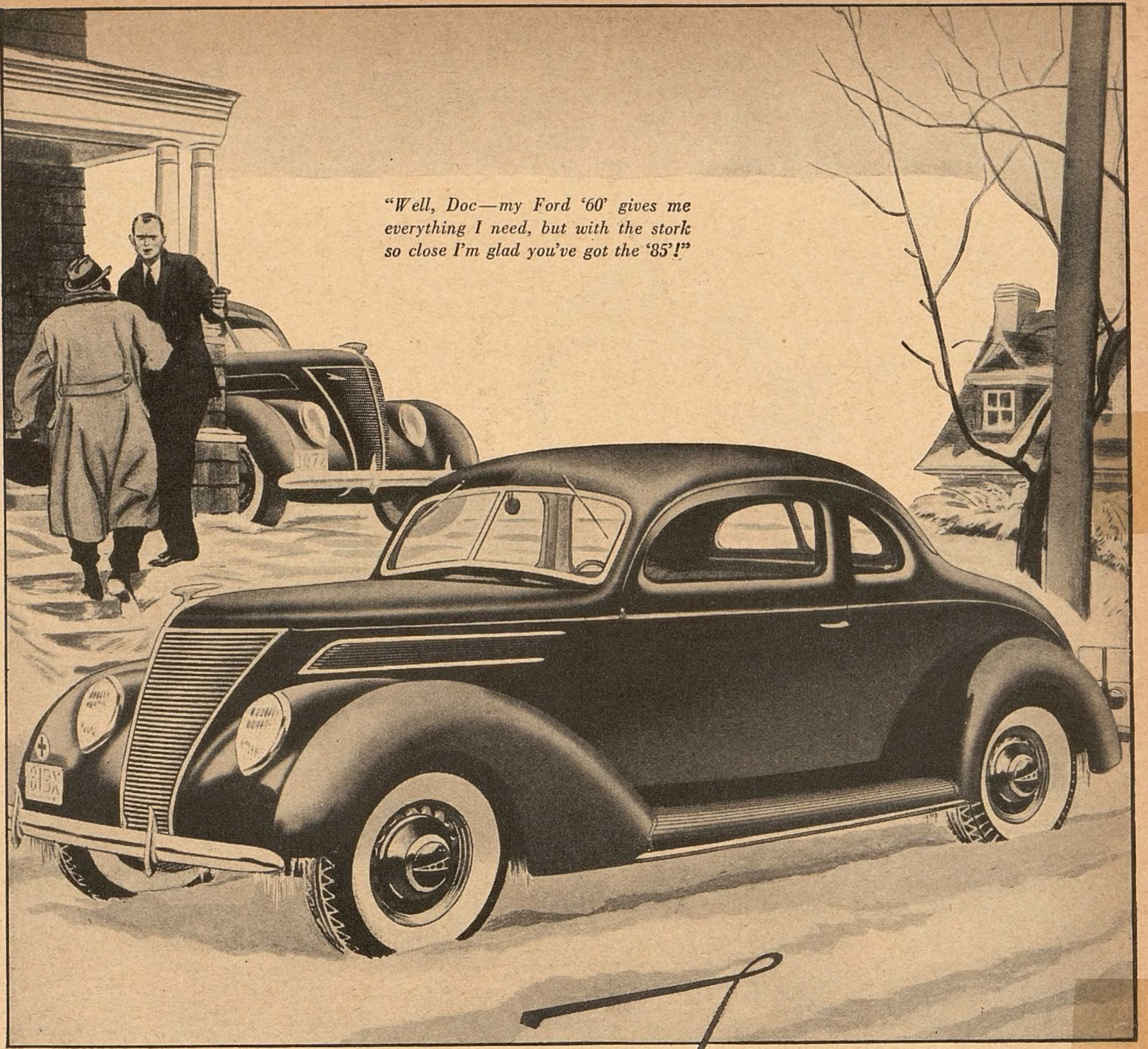

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The 85-horsepower engine provides flashing power and pick-up at low prices, plus greater fuel economy than ever. . . . The 60-horsepower engine, first developed for Europe, delivers smooth V-8 performance and more miles per gallon than any Ford ever built. It comes in five body types at the lowest Ford prices in years.

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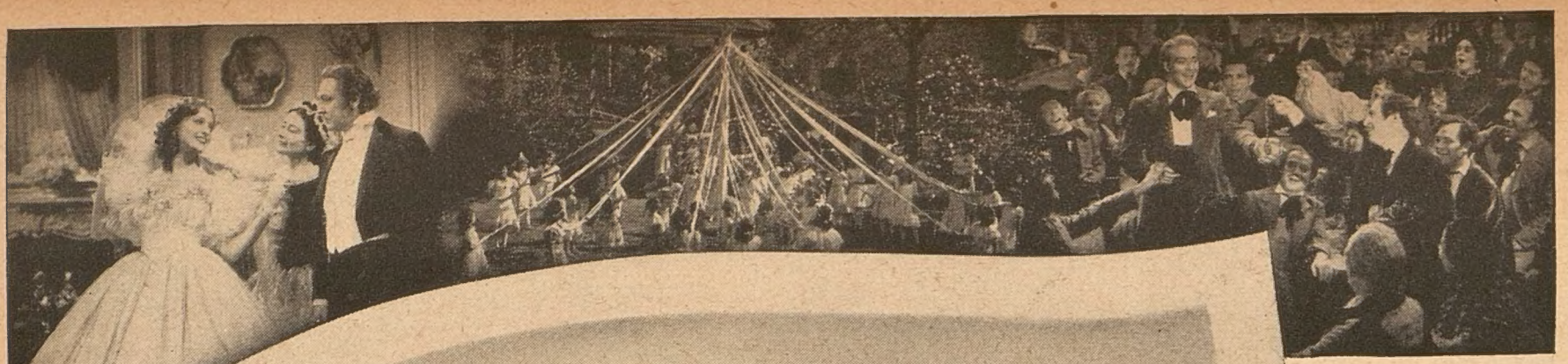

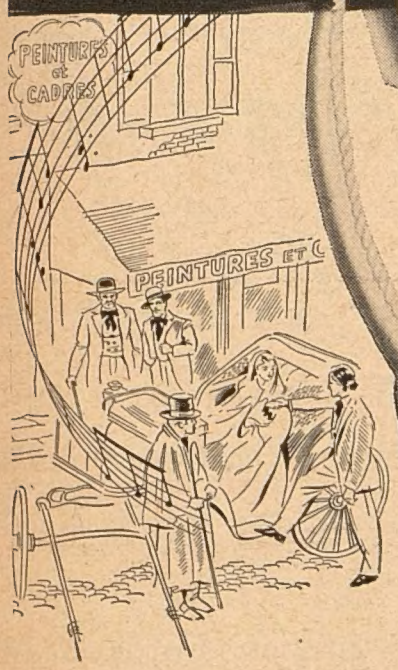

THE SINGING SWEETHEARTS OF "ROSE MARIE"

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

IN

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

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Herman Bing • Brilliant Cast

Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

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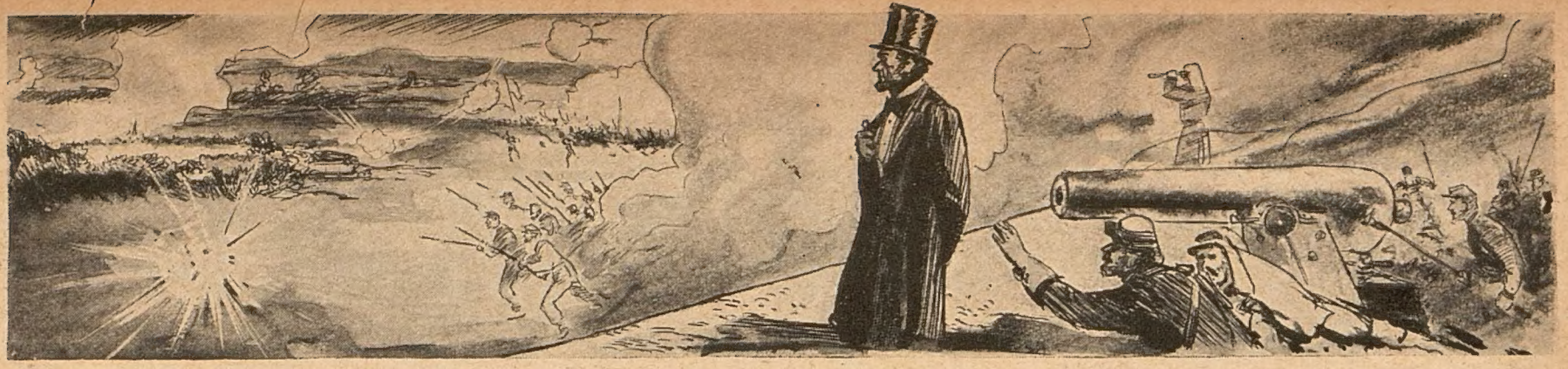
They're singing their way into your hearts again—in an exquisite love story set to glorious music. The screen's sweethearts of melody come smilin' thru M-G-M's new musical triumph, singing unforgettable Sigmund Romberg love songs, reaching new heights of ecstasy—of enchantment—of rapturous emotion!



"He mounted the parapet so he could see better. You can imagine what a target he made."

He Saw Lincoln Under Fire

A Unique and Inspiring Look at the Only Man Who, While President, Faced an Enemy's Guns

by

JOHN E. BIERCK

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE longer I've lived," said Colonel William Patton Griffith only a year ago, when he had lived to be ninety-two, " and the more I've thought about the day when I saw Lincoln under fire, the more I've wondered why so little has been written about it."

I remarked that most Americans probably had never realized that Lincoln was still the only President who had been under fire in wartime while in office.

" You're dead right," said Colonel Griffith. " And yet he was under fire at Fort Stevens on two successive days, July 11 and 12, 1864. It was on the first day that I saw him. As you might expect, he was heedless of his danger, concerned only about seeing for himself just what was happening. He knew that if Jubal A. Early captured the fort he would capture Washington, and that the blow to Northern morale would be almost fatal.

" You see, in May, Grant had begun to hammer the 'Johnnies' all along the lines. Our losses were terrible. There was crape on so many doors that most people were discouraged, and the capture of Washington might easily have led to Lincoln's defeat at the polls in November and the election of McClellan on his platform that the war was a failure.

" Lee knew it, and he sent Early raiding from the Shenandoah Valley with 20,000 men. He knew the forts around Washington were held by raw militia and a mere handful of veterans. Grant at first sent one division of the Sixth Corps. With those 3,300 veterans and 2,700 raw militia, General Lew Wallace attacked Early in Maryland on July 9. Wallace got licked, but he delayed Early twenty-four hours. Early's advance reached the District of Columbia line early on Monday, July 11.

" Meanwhile Grant had ordered to Washington from Virginia the Nineteenth Corps and the rest of the Sixth, including Corporal Yours Truly. We went by boat, and reached Washington that same Monday. Lincoln was at the dock to meet us. Our arrival was an immense relief to him, and I distinctly remember that he showed it.

" Early was advancing on the city as fast as he could in the stifling heat. We set off on the double-quick out Seventh Street and raised a cloud of dust. It was this dust in the rear of Fort Stevens that Early saw and that sent his hopes of a surprise capture glimmering.

" Lincoln got to the fort ahead of us. It was under pretty heavy fire, both musketry and artillery. He was quiet and grave. He mounted the parapet so he could see better, and I saw him standing there in full view of the 'Johnnies,' watching them and what went on inside the fort. You can imagine what a target he made, with his tall form and stovepipe hat.

" General Wright stood on one side of him and Surgeon G. V. C. Crawford of our regiment on the other. Both nearly threw a fit. 'Mr. President,' pleaded the general, 'will you please come down? You're a perfect mark for sharpshooters.' But Lincoln remained where he was.

" Then we charged and drove the 'Johnnies' back. During the charge a Confederate bullet, probably deflected a little by the wind, struck down Crawford, who was so close to Lincoln that he could have reached out and touched him. But even then Lincoln stayed right there until our charge had carried through."

Two years earlier the future Colonel Griffith had talked with Lincoln in the White House. I have heard him tell the story to an eager seventh-grade schoolboy.

" I was eighteen then and still a rookie, drilling in Washington," the colonel began. " When I heard that on New Year's Day anybody could go to the White House and shake hands with the President, I made up my mind to go. I stood in line with a lot of other people outside the White House door. My turn came, and in a minute I was in a big crowded room. I think it must have been the East Room. At one end of it, with the people filing past and shaking his hand, was President Lincoln."

The boy broke in: " Was he thin and tall and ugly? "

Colonel Griffith laughed. " He certainly wasn't any beauty. But he had such kind eyes and such a wonderful smile that he didn't seem ugly at all. I had to put my head back to look into his face when I held out my hand to him; and then what do you suppose he did, son? He took both my hands in his big ones and drew me close to him and looked down at me and said, 'My dear, dear boy!'

" Yes, Abraham Lincoln said that to me, and no matter how long I live I'll always remember the way he said it. He was that way with all his soldiers. He loved them almost the way your father loves you, and he hated to see them go to war and, perhaps, get killed."

The boy was impressed tremendously. Later some one said, " Colonel, don't you ever get tired of telling that story to all the boys and girls who come to see you? "

The colonel shook his head. " No," he replied earnestly; " no. It's too much of a privilege."

He lived in Brooklyn and enjoyed life to the end, which came on February 17 of last year. Though ninety-two, he had been in full mental vigor and active physically, the latter despite the shell fragment that wounded him in the leg at Malvern Hill. After recovering, he fought in all the major battles of the Army of the Potomac until that day at Fort Stevens; then, within an hour after seeing Lincoln under fire, he was incapacitated by the explosion of a shell, and by the time he was fit for active duty again the Civil War was over.

THE END

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—
SPECTERS IN THE DAWN

BERT REMEY had the uncanny feeling as he walked about the flying field that this was part of another world, a world he had known and lost. The hangars were alive with men, the field buzzing like a hornets' nest, men and women talking, whispering, shouting, getting ready for the race of a century—the race around the rim of the Americas for the Chaney Cup and the prize of $100,000.

He wasn't any part of the excitement. He was only an onlooker.

Fresh-faced, keen-eyed kids passed him, nodded. In their eyes was the hope of glory he had known and thrown carelessly aside.

A race over the uncharted thousands of miles of the hardest going any man or ship had ever dared. The greatest flyers and the fleetest ships. One hundred thousand dollars for the ship that came back first. And Bert Remey, who had helped put diapers on the infant industry, who had been the "Yankee Ace of Aces," the most famous pilot in the Western world—Bert Remey was only a vanishing legend.

There was a curious look in Madeline's watching eyes.

Those were the words she had used:

"Let's get it straight, Bert. I'm not going to marry a vanishing legend. You've got to do something about yourself."

Bert's mouth set itself in a thin line of stubbornness, and his eyes flamed, and little devils danced in the flames.

Because he had been grounded! Because, setting a record in the west-to-east flight over the width of the United States, he had stunted above the crowds a moment before he landed—because some fools had been hurt in the panic caused by his low flying.

"Diving on a crowd," Hank Wells had said in his flat unimpressive voice. "Endangering lives."

Wells was an old maid, but he was also an inspector from the Department of Commerce. His report had grounded the great Bert Remey, barred him from flying any licensed ship for a period of three months. It had stripped Remey of all chances of entering this race. It had cost him Madeline Chaney.

In a secluded corner of the Aero Supplies hangar he stopped to rest and to watch young Johnny Rickard tinkering with the motor of a trim-looking ship.

Bert liked Johnny, a kid only a year out of M. I. T. with ambitions to be a designer. Johnny's father had been a pioneer manufacturer of airplanes; had gone broke. Johnny, determined to follow in his dad's footsteps, had specialized in aeronautical engineering; and evidently he had fashioned this plane.

"For sale or show, Johnny?" Bert asked.

Johnny looked up, grinning. "Hello, Bert. Like her?"

Bert looked casually at the ship. She was an all-white low-winged monoplane of an unorthodox design.

"Where you carrying your reserve gas?"

"Back of the rear cockpit. She'll carry five hundred gallons and cruise twenty-five hundred miles at one forty-five with a top of one sixty. She's trimmed to a feather. She'll fly like a five-hundred-power job."

"Who tested it?"

"Marty Powers. He put her through some, but he hasn't given her the works yet. But she'll stand up."

"Marty," Bert said, his mouth bitter again. "Give her a dive?"

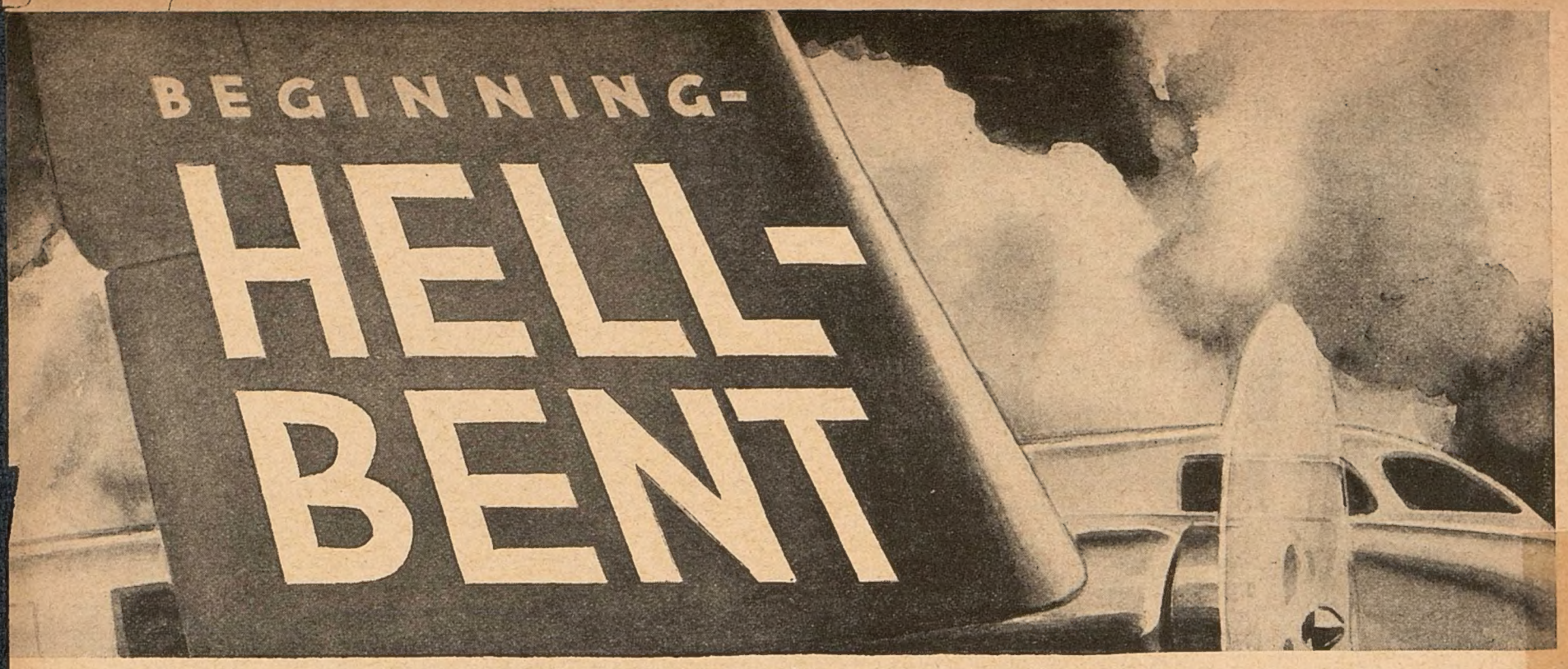
"Not yet. But she behaves well and doesn't buck the stick. Marty says she's smooth enough so far."

Bert looked into the rear cockpit, noting its smallness.

"Plenty of room for a radio set there," Johnny said, "though it doesn't look it. I got a fellow who's a wizard at it fixing up a sending-and-receiving set that'll weigh half the regular ones. I've already added the weight saving in gas."

"He must be good."

"He's great!" Johnny spoke with enthusiasm. Then,



Love and Hate in the Clouds . . . The Stirring Tale of a Gallant Girl and a Mad Race for Glory and Riches

by

RICHARD CARROLL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEWELL BOOTH

with a little anxiety: "Wish you'd give her a whirl for me, Bert—sometime when you got nothing else to do."

Bert laughed gently, touched and flattered.

"Sure. Glad to. If it doesn't get you in bad with the Department."

"Oh, that's all right," Johnny assured him quickly. "She's not licensed yet. It won't make any difference who flies it. You'll give her a real test. I'm raising a thousand bucks to fly her myself in the race and—I want to be sure."

"Good boy! Lots of luck, kid. I hope you win. Maybe I'll take her up tomorrow. That'd give you time to make alterations before the race."

Bert strolled on. Talking with Johnny Rickard had made him lonesome and bitter again. He'd been like that once—all enthusiasm, all spirit, all love for this thing called flying. But that was long ago when he was a kid, just after the war. He had soloed transcontinental in '22, and barnstormed himself into headlines before '23. Now—

He walked slowly out of the field, up the dirt road that led to the "eighteenth hangar." By nightfall he was drinking alone and trying to get drunk.

J. P. CHANEY wasn't surprised when Madeline told him casually that she was flying in the race. He did not object. Rather, he suggested she make herself useful on the trip and wire back a firsthand account for the benefit of the readers of the Chaney newspapers.

"We'll put you on the pay roll as a skywriter," he said. "Taking Marty in the Douglas?"

"Yes."

"Taking any one else?"

"No one. I'll spell Marty at the controls and handle the radio. Marty can navigate. We don't need a regular radio man. We figure to use his weight in gas."

J. P. leaned back in his chair and regarded his daughter with seeming unconcern.

"Might be an expensive saving. But—use your own judgment. Heard anything of Bert?"

Madeline shook her head and gazed out the window.

"Haven't seen him in ages. I suppose there's no chance for him to get into this? You did all you could for him, dad?"

"All I thought I should. But it's too late now. Even if the Department lifted his suspension, he'd still have to get a ship."

"Why didn't you want him reinstated?" There was mild bewilderment in Madeline's voice; no indignation.

"I want to see what stuff he's made of. That's important—if he's to be my son-in-law."

In the lovely face, in the cool green eyes he studied, he could read nothing. Well, she'd always been like that. She was so cool, so capable, so self-contained! He felt a twinge of pride in her, and an odd twinge of pity. He wondered, for the fraction of a second, whether he had not been all wrong in his method of rearing her—then spoke of Steve Martin, and the Northfield Company, and Slim Lannert.

Madeline had been taught almost from birth to treat her father as a companion, a comrade, but not as a confidant especially. As soon as she was old enough she had started to share his life—big-game hunting in Africa, pigsticking in India, kadiak shooting in Alaska, flying everywhere. They had taken up aviation together at a time when it was still something of an adventure to leave the ground. There was great love between them, but few suspected it, it was so well concealed.

"Anything you want me to do?" he asked.

"Nothing now, dad. Thanks. Just wish us luck."

J. P. sat still for many seconds after Madeline had left, recalling the scenes at Roosevelt Field the day Bert Remey shattered all records for speed between Los Angeles and New York, the day he dived low on the crowd. He and Madeline and Marty Powers had driven to the field that day, and had waited, with thousands of others, to see Bert fly in from the West and land.

"He's due in seventeen minutes," Madeline had said excitedly. "Who'll bet he doesn't make it?"

"He was fifteen minutes ahead at Cleveland," Marty had answered. "He didn't land, and he had a wind on his tail. But there's a fog over Bellefontaine. That might stop him."

"No," J. P. remembered

saying, " it won't stop him. Remey hasn't nerve enough to stop, to disappoint an expectant public. It takes nerve to become a hero—he has that. It takes a different kind of nerve to remain a hero—and he has that too. But the kind of nerve one needs to stop being a hero—no, that isn't in him."

He remembered the curious look those words had brought to Madeline's watching eyes—and he remembered the look of fright and horror and indignation and shocked amazement pictured there when Remey dived from a height of five hundred feet—and thousands of men and women and children began to run in panic.

" Then and there," he thought now, seeing the incident clearly again in all its details, " then and there I knew. And she knew. Bert Remey'll never have a kind word from her again—though it tears her heart out to deny him—unless he redeems himself."

He remembered Bert, sitting beside Madeline as she drove from the field; remembered his saying, " They were stupid rules, made for kids "; remembered Madeline's answering, " And for heroes who've let their laurels cut through the bone into their brains."

" She's hewn out of the same granite as I am," he thought, " and she'll never change."

He sighed, thinking of her mother, dead these fifteen years, and asked his secretary to send Marty Powers to him as soon as possible. He liked Marty, though he wasn't half the man Bert Remey could be if he wanted to. Well, it was up to Marty now. He must spare neither money nor pains on the Douglas. He could have half the prize if they won it—and a bonus if he brought Madeline home safely, first or last.

THE Garden City Hotel was crowded. Most of the racing pilots were there, each with his or her own coterie of admirers. Every one was talking about the race.

Bert Remey, as he passed the various groups, could not help hearing snatches of conversation: " the last spectacular show in aviation—the industry will pass into the limbo of the commonplace, the automobile, the railroad train, and the two-wheeled bike." " Follow the coast line down the 8,600-odd miles to Buenos Aires—the Andes —the Pacific." " All ships must be equipped with radio."

Some called out to Bert, but no one tried to draw him into their conversations. He saw Madeline talking to Marty Powers, and edged toward the bar, hoping they hadn't seen him. He didn't envy Marty. His was a feeling much stronger than envy. It twisted and tore at him. He didn't even envy him the Chaney Douglas. He was honest enough to admit Marty was a good flyer, a steady, dependable, and courageous young man. But that didn't ease the pain of seeing him with Madeline.

He almost bumped into Mabel Urquart.

" Wait till you see that little angel I'm flying," she was saying. She smiled at Bert. Bert liked Mabel. She was good-looking, and strong, and pleasant. She had an easy grace, for all her height and breadth and solidity. She laughed at her fame. And she could fly.

" Don't call a plane a angel," one of the men standing around her said, shuddering in an exaggerated way. " It's too suggestive."

" My stars and garters, but some people are superstitious," Mabel said, and laughed a husky throaty laugh. " I could fly to heaven in that ship, so it must be an angel. But look! My loving spouse approaches."

Bert took the occasion to get behind Mabel. Her bulk would shield him perfectly, he thought, from Madeline and Marty. He watched Professor Urquart come shambling up to kiss his wife good-by. His gentle face was wreathed with smiles.

HOW did she succeed with a husband who grubbed around digging at roots and watching little green things poke their heads up through the ground, Bert wondered idly, while she soared the heavens and looked at mountains poking their heads through clouds?

Professor Urquart took off his specs and wiped them on a dazzling-white new handkerchief.

" I was looking for you, my dear," he said. " I just got here. I was delayed a bit—watching some tulips come up."

Mabel laughed, straightened her husband's string tie and buttoned his open coat, and kissed him—and Bert saw her suddenly stiffen, and knew the cause of it: the booming virile voice of Jesse Carewe, the huge handsome dark-eyed reckless man who was to fly with her in the morning. He went directly into the bar.

Slim Lannert and Gladys Turner and Phyllis Walker and Lieutenant Steve Martin, and many others Bert

" Take it easy, kid," Bert said softly. " What difference does it make? "

knew, were seated at tables or standing against the bar.

Slim and Gladys sat at a table, talking in subdued tones. Slim nodded as Bert passed, and Gladys turned on a smile for him, and turned it quickly off.

Gladys was long, lank, and gangling. She owned three ships and twice as many millions. Like Lannert, she was flying her own ship in the race. She was shy and without romance or glamour, taking her longings out in the thrills of flying—yet Bert thought she saw something in Lannert she had never found in any other man. He felt sorry for her without knowing why.

Lieutenant Steve Martin, who had been loaned to the Northfield Company for the flight, was deep in conversation with the president of the concern, old H. H. Northfield himself.

Steve's was the biggest job entered, a twenty-six-passenger liner, built by Northfield's experts. Betting on Steve was heavy. He knew it. He was confident, amused, and boyishly elated.

Bert envied him. He was young and handsome. He would win the race. He would get the lion's share of J. P. Chaney's $100,000. He would have a great job with Northfield. And—he would marry Phyllis Walker when he returned.

Phyllis, seated with her radio man and her mechanic, kept looking at Steve and smiling at him. She was talking to her crew but paying no attention to them, scarce hearing what they said, Bert fancied. He had never seen her look more beautiful. Somehow, tonight she reminded him of Madeline.

Would she try to beat Steve in her Vultee, he wondered, or would she be content to keep pace with him or to follow him? What did the race mean to her, outside of being with Steve?

"Seen Johnny Rickard?" he asked the bartender.

"Yes, poor devil," the bartender said. "He was in not long ago."

"What's the matter? Where is he?"

"They figured he didn't know his way around. Guess you'll find him at his hangar."

Bert went out without a drink.

It was growing dark when he reached the field. As he neared Johnny Rickard's hangar, he saw two men wheeling a white slim ship in through the open door. A wheel stuck. Bert joined the two men and leaned his shoulder against a wing, pushing.

"I'll test her in the morning, Johnny," he said. "I would have done it yesterday, but I got drunk. There's still time—before you go."

"Thanks, Bert," Johnny said in a voice that was drained of feeling. "But I'm not going. They turned me down. I couldn't pass the navigation test."

"That's tough," Bert said.

Johnny nodded and turned to the other man.

"You two guys know each other? Bert, this is Al Vervesy, the radio man I told you about. Al, this is Bert Remey."

THE men nodded, and the ship rolled into its hangar. Bert took another look at Al Vervesy.

"Haven't I seen you before?"

Al's jaw thrust out. His eyes were wells of torment.

"Sure," he said. "In all the papers. "What of it?"

The bitterness of the tone went deep. Bert shook his head. The kid looked like a consumptive. His clothes hung on him as though they'd been draped on a skeleton.

"Still in the dark," he said.

"Steamship Catalina!" Al's voice crackled like a radio message. "That mean anything? I'm the first radio operator that ever turned yellow on the job. I quit

my post on a burning ship. I took to the lifeboat. I dogged it. Still want to know me?"

Bert grinned into the deep-set brooding eyes.

"Take it easy, kid," he said softly. "Who the hell cares! You fail one way, Johnny fails another way, I fail a third way. What difference does it make?"

"You guys certainly like your punishment," Johnny observed quietly. "How about dropping it and helping me cover up this ship?"

"No—wait," Bert said suddenly. "Listen, Johnny. And you too, Al. How about three failures making a success? You got an untried job here that you can't fly and no one else wants to. You can't go. But the ship can—licensed or not. Let me take her, Johnny. I can fly an unlicensed ship. There's nothing in the rules to prevent that. And Al can come with me. Say the word and I'll take this baby to the starting line tomorrow morning, and push her to hell or glory. What do you say?"

For long seconds the three men stared at one another. Then silently they shook hands.

The planes were a line of gray-winged specters in the dawn. There was a subdued air about the field, but chattering day was beginning to etch into relief the muffled noises of the night and to blot out the ghostly lights that still bobbed in and out among the gloomy shadows of the big ships.

Before the open doors of cabin planes, or close around the cockpits of open jobs, groups stood and talked. Mechanics climbed in and out of the bowels of their charges, adding last-minute touches, checking, rechecking.

Then the first motor whined and bit into the sudden silence. The race was about to start.

The wind was blowing into the noses of the ships where they stood, and they would take off straight into it. Other motors joined the first, until the line was a deafening roar that caught the spectators like a physical blow and drove them back. In that hell of noise the pilots and crews scurried to their posts, climbed into the bellies of their mounts, and waited for the warming-up process.

Leaning against the fuselage of the white ship that Johnny Rickard had called the Humming Bird, Bert sucked the last few puffs from his cigarette. The pilot in the ship next to him was trying to talk to him, but the noise of the motors drowned out all speech.

Bert shook his head and flicked the cigarette stub away. He looked down along the line of straining ships. He saw at last the first one, far down, pulling out; he watched it with his eyes while his mind was winging far ahead of it, far into the unknown to where he was to follow.

The first easy hop to Miami, which might be a good testing ground for the Humming Bird. Then over the Pan American route to San Juan. Out of San Juan was the Caribbean leg to Trinidad. Only a short stretch here to reach the mainland of South America. Up to this point the well traveled lanes of Pan American would make things easy for them.

PARAMARIBO on the mainland would prove to be the real starting point for the race. The preceding miles would be only warming distance for the motors. After Paramaribo it would be sea and jungle and forest and swamp—vast, teeming swamp, vaster unexplored jungle, and stretches of unknown sea that divided the refueling points.

From Buenos Aires the flight over the Pampas to Mendoza would be a waltz. But from Mendoza to Santiago was a tough spot. The Andes lay between. Twenty thousand feet of altitude, ice-covered hungry peaks, and gales that swept the towering mountains. Downdrafts that would call on every ounce of strength in tired men and strained ships. That stretch conquered, luck and skill and exhausted engines might bring them up the equally dangerous west coast of South America with its long stretches of heavy rainfall and its patches of fog-covered coast. Panama next; then Mexico City to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. The route was well chosen to test the skill of man and his mechanical wonders. All of the flyers knew that some of them would never come back. No one believed it could be any but the other fellow.

Fathers and mothers and sweethearts, some of them weeping, some clear-eyed and calm, were saying their farewells, giving their last blessing or their last kiss.

Bert watched the fourth ship take off. It was the Chaney Douglas, and he could see Madeline high in the copilot's seat with Marty. She soared gracefully away, circling the field once before heading south. Not far from Bert a girl was saying good-by to Al. It was the radio man's sister, a kid of about nineteen. Al was giving her last-minute instructions. She was clinging to him, unashamed of her tears. He was all she had in the world, and he was going away. Johnny was doing a final tinkering with the Humming Bird.

RICHARD CARROLL

wrote scenarios in Hollywood for five years, then invested his earnings in a Connecticut farm. "So I could catch up on my loafing," he says. Is a native of Boston, a World War veteran, and a pilot. At present he is working on a novel and writing radio continuity.

"Here, sis," Al was saying, "is ten bucks. It's all I got, but I won't need it. Hang on to the radio as long as you can. Maybe I'll get a message through for you."

"I won't need it, Al," the girl said. "I'll get along. I might still get a job."

"Take it. Use half of it to pay up my insurance. That's due next Wednesday. Don't let it go!"

BERT came over to them, and they saw a different Bert; for a Bert rigged out in his flying kit looked what he was—an eagle-eyed adventurer in the skies.

The girl smiled shyly at the pilot. "You'll bring him back, won't you, Mr. Remey?"

"Easiest thing you know!"

"I—I have a feeling you will. I trust you."

"That's the spirit. Say, it's nice of you to trust me. So few people do these days."

Bert glanced again at the line of impatient ships. They were taking off at two-minute intervals. The Humming Bird, Entry Number 9, had drawn eighth place in the starting line. At last the ship next to him, a twin-motored liner, started rolling away. The young pilot, who had tried to call him, now waved to Bert, who waved back. The big ship gathered speed. It was halfway down the runway when Bert gave an exclamation.

"That bus will never make it! She's way overloaded!"

As he spoke the big ship tried to lift, failed. Bert turned and caught Margie around the shoulders and turned her face away. He smiled at her.

"Why haven't I met you before?" he asked. She looked at him, her eyes big with questioning. She could not see the end of the field. The transport was trying again to rise. She was off the ground now, but her tail was dragging. She kept on. She was up twenty feet at the end of the runway. With a crash she hit the power lines out beyond the edge of the field. There was a blinding flash. A sheet of flame shot up. Then the siren of an ambulance, a rising moan from the crowd. Over the loud-speaker the starter's voice went relentlessly on:

"Back, every one. Back! Entry Number 9."

"That's us," said Bert. "Hop in, Al."

Al, his face the color of chalk, tore his horrified gaze from the burning wreck. His sister drew him to her for a last embrace. Bert hurried him into the small cabin of the Humming Bird. Bert paused; then, with a grin, caught up Margie and kissed her on the lips.

"There," he said. "That's to bring us luck."

In another second the Humming Bird skimmed along the ground, seemed to pause for an instant, then gracefully lifted herself into the air. Without circling as the others had done, she shot off straight on her course. She passed directly over the blazing pyre. One wing dipped in salute. Then she was gone.

Off on the dash for glory and gold. A long shot in a field of favorites, what fate lies ahead for Bert, determined to redeem himself in Madeline's eyes? How will Madeline and Marty fare? It's only the beginning of the big race, so look for more thrills in next week's installment.

Why I am Going to Hollywood

by LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

CONDUCTOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

as told to LUCILLE FLETCHER

A Wise Man of Music Meets a Challenge—There, He Says, Lies the Spiritual Destiny of Millions of Americans!

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHY should there be talk about my going to Hollywood? Why should some people feel that I am "deserting real art?" It seems perfectly natural to me. I go to Hollywood to face a great spiritual challenge.

All my life I have tried to make music *red hot* and *inspired*, to lift it from the printed page and make it a thundering song of the spirit. This I have done not to reach people who were already music lovers, but to stir those to whom great music had always been remote.

I have always been interested in any medium that reached directly to the people. I have gone to radio. I have played the works of the greatest composers on the programs of popular artists like Bing Crosby. And I have been thrilled at the thought of playing for their audiences.

Hollywood is the next logical step.

If the artists in America are to live today, they must come forth. They must be simple. They must learn to speak the current language of humanity.

The motion picture is above all else today that language. It is the dream world of the workers. It belongs to the millions. How powerful, how terrible, how grand may this dream world be! A factory girl is transported to the palaces of kings and queens. The road worker has spread before him the secret lands of Africa, Tibet, Bali.

In the hands of Hollywood lies the future spiritual destiny of millions of Americans. The creation of a film should be a matter as sacred as the creation of a symphony. It should be done with fire, with inspiration. Every element should be worked over, finished, beautiful. Music in the films is an element which should intensify the message of the script and the camera to the heights of great art.

The strides good music has made in the movies have been immense. Hollywood today is almost as full of fine musicians as it is full of beautiful women. But there must be more. Let us elevate music still higher in the films. Let us dare to build a movie around music alone.

Why not operas in the movies? Why not the lives of great musicians, exalting their music rather than their personalities? These things can be done. In Hollywood the motto is "Everything is possible."

Hollywood can do for music what all the conductors have never done. It can interpret a composition by actual pictures. It can make living what is now abstract. It can widen the dreams of men to include the masterpieces of Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms. It can, through the miracles of the camera, transform a fugue into a drama—a symphony into a sweeping cavalcade.

Such things can happen in our lifetime. And they must happen. For America needs art and music today as never before. She stands on the threshold of a new period. Her physical development is mature. And now, like a child feeling the pangs of adolescence, she awakens. Her soul stirs.

I have felt this change tremendously during the last two or three years. It has vibrated in the letters which have come from broadcasts. The people who are writing these letters now are people who never wrote them before. They are the new lovers of music.

They are farmers. They are the people who live in mill towns. People who work in the cramped routines of our age write. And they write magnificently. "Even a sailor can understand real music," reads one letter. "Bach reminds me of God." "Six of us gather in a farmhouse to hear the radio concert." When I read their words, I am inspired to break down all walls, to reach these people with the noblest answer in my power.

That little sequence I did in The Big Broadcast of 1937 lasted only five minutes in a picture that ran two hours. Some people in Hollywood thought that even five minutes of Bach was too much for the people of America. Yet they tell me now that after the playing of the Bach fugue in that picture, audiences in movie houses all over the country break into wild applause.

That is a heartening, a wonderful thing to me. It

means that the people of America are ready, eager for great music. They recognize it when it comes. They shout for Bach. He is not a "high-brow" any more. They understand his simplicity, his majesty, and his deep human nature.

I notice this sensitivity in the youth of this country. Younger and younger people are writing. A boy of sixteen in Toledo says, "Every Friday I rush home from school, so I will be in time to hear your orchestra over the radio. That afternoon, of all afternoons, is my happiest." These are the words of a high-school student of eighteen: "Bach has long been my favorite musician. I don't claim to understand his music, but I love it."

On the tours which we made last year with the Philadelphia Orchestra, we played in many of the universities and colleges. I saw a change in the students there. The depression has sobered their minds and invigorated their spirits. The boy and girl who wasted their own time and their parents' money are gone. In their place are the eager students of today.

In Ann Arbor, Michigan, we walked about the streets together, talking about music as though it were a football game. We were comrades together. These boys and girls were on fire with the sense of life ahead.

I see a lot of the young people of Philadelphia. I founded the Youth Movement there, so that I might know them better, and I count them among my most valued friends. Some evenings they stand about on the sidewalk outside my studio and sing under the second-story window. Then I invite them up, and they sit about on the floor discussing their fervent new philosophy. These hours are a vibrant inspiration to me.

I see this change even in the little children. They too feel the invisible power of the new life. A few weeks ago in Philadelphia we presented a little opera by Hindemith called Wir Bauen Eine Stadt—We Are Building a City. It was acted by little children. One group sang the music; another, in costume, did the pantomime. These little ones had a startling intuition about the opera. They behaved with the gravity of elders who understand what it really means to build a great city.

After it was all over, the little eight-year-old boy who had taken the policeman's role in the opera wrote me a letter: "Dear Mr. Stokowski I think you are a swell guy. I think the reason the orchestra plays so well for you is because you humor them."

We cannot be blind and deaf to these new signs. All of the land is calling. It is thirsty. It has grown too strong for timid wooden interpretations. It asks us for masterpieces, for the best we have.

That is why I am going to Hollywood now.

I HAVE no intention of deserting my other work permanently for Hollywood. The other mediums, the magnificent mediums to the people in America, must be kept alive.

There is radio with its intimate appeal. It enters a man's home. It creeps into his daily habits, his solitude. I shall return to radio concerts.

Gramophone recordings have done their work of enlightenment and inspiration. They must be made still more perfect. The library of the music they immortalize must be enlarged. Above all, they must become a continuous whole, so that we can hear a symphony or the entire act of an opera without stopping to turn over a disk. This can be done by recording on film.

Nor must the concert halls be deserted. Our audiences there are beginning to change. No longer are they composed only of the privileged few. Thousands of new music lovers are beginning to clamor at their doors.

Let us make the concert hall as vital, as living, as free to all people as the movies, the radio. Let us lower the price of the tickets; let us play in larger auditoriums. Let us take our orchestras on tour, so that even those in the isolated places of the land may experience the thrill of hearing the fresh sound of the instruments, of feeling the living presence of the musicians. Many of the men who play flute, clarinet, trumpet, and tympani in the orchestra are artists of the same stature as Rachmaninov and Kreisler.

We must continue to work in the schools. We must encourage girls and boys to sing and play, little children to dance. We must instill an early familiarity with the tools and instruments of music.

Nothing must be despised or overlooked. If a new kind of radio comes, if television is perfected, we must enter these fields and adapt our methods to them. For I see not only today in this country but tomorrow. Already I see man beginning to be liberated from the dark bondage of his toil. I see the machine doing the drudgery. I see human beings reserved for the interesting, the exciting work of the world.

I envision a tomorrow in America where men and women will be completely free of mere dull labor. They will cease to "make a living." They will LIVE!

Then, if the artists, the scientists of today have inspired America, her people will turn to the beautiful things of life as naturally as they will give their bodies to the sun.

Physically, they will turn to sport, to games. Physical beauty and health are as important as the development of the mind. People will reinvigorate their bodies. They will live as the fortunate ones of ancient Greece lived. They will play games. They will dance.

If the artists and scientists have held to their true responsibility today, America will be then a nation of individuals who will know how to take hold of life for themselves.

TODAY I see Americans already beginning to discover their own personalities. I see people interested in making their own possessions for themselves. They like to build their own furniture; they invent tools for their own use. The women design and make their own clothes. In the future man will want to make his own home, his own culture.

Those deep feelings which now are beginning to stir darkly in the souls of everyday men are real. They must be made to flower—flower into genius. In the future they may well upward to the stars.

And then the American will make a great music of his own. We have had American composers. We have had real American music. But it has been scattered. It has struggled up as an unusual thing. Whatever has been done has been done against terrific odds. It has not sprung out of the fullness of a great universal feeling.

Real American music will be new music. It will sound like the music of no other country. It will, when it comes, express the American soul as clearly as Wagner expressed the soul of Germany, as Moussorgsky captured the melancholy and the splendor of old Russia. The men and women who have toiled, who have builded the physical structure of America, will make such music as the world has never heard. I think they will sing first of the land in which they live. The people of Maine will make music that is somber, introspective. It will have the quality of snow in it, the beat of the sea against the black rocks, the starkness of the lonely farmhouse and the weather-beaten pine.

The people of Florida will create music that breathes sunlight. It will have a joyous step; it will be eager to dance. In its slow passages it will be full of the warm sea and the scent of the orange groves.

I vision the music that may come from the great plains of the Middle West, that land where live strong men, resourceful independent women, who walk with a sense of open spaces, vast distances, and the shadow of mountains on the horizon. When these people begin to sing, their music will be wonderful to hear.

Music of America. I hear the desert music of Arizona, the majestic music of the Mississippi, the lost eerie melodies of the mountains.

And when all these have been sung, there will come at last a single inspiration. Somewhere there will arise from the soul of America a mysterious national institution, clear and burning. There will be music that will roll finally into but a single strain, and yet be such that every man in America can claim it as his own.

That music I do not expect to hear soon. Whether I ever have the thrill of hearing even its beginnings is not important. My task is to help make it come.

THE END

Was There a Conspiracy Against Edward VIII?

From a Peer of the Realm—A Frank, Amazingly Forthright Revelation of What Really Happened—and Why

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LORD STRABOLGI

OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

"Suppose under the strain he had decided to make a fight. If he had come to London and shown himself—"

At left: The author, Lord Strabolgi, a prominent figure in the Labor Party.

THIS article is written on the day when His Royal Highness Prince Edward of Windsor left the country of his birth, perhaps forever.

It is written, also, while his successor is being proclaimed king. Later in this day I shall take my oath of allegiance to King George the Sixth.

One thing certain is that the reasons for the abdication of King Edward VIII are not generally known on either side of the Atlantic. The truth is that his association with Mrs. Simpson was not the only reason for his abdication. It was the occasion.

The real reason was that in the opinion of the most powerful elements in London a change in the monarchy was necessary. I will come to the reasons for this opinion presently; but it will be useful first to explain who are the real rulers of Great Britain.

These rulers were able to act without consulting the people as a whole, and without the hundreds of millions of the King's subjects overseas being consulted. Britain is ruled by an oligarchy. This is inevitable. The system is democratic and, in the last resort, the voice of the people prevails.

But the machinery of government is so complicated that the day-to-day work, whether important or unimportant, has to be done by a small inner circle of high persons.

Take first the cabinet. Not all of its eighteen members were informed of the preliminary steps which led to the abdication. In every British cabinet there is always an inner circle of three or four men who work as a team with the Prime Minister. Often these take decisions of the greatest importance without consulting even their cabinet colleagues, in the hope that they will be supported in the country as a whole.

A classic example was the decision made by the inner circle round Prime Minister Asquith to espouse the cause of France and Russia in the expected war against Germany and Austria-Hungary, which war eventuated in 1914.

The second most powerful member of Mr. Asquith's cabinet was Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That is to say, by usage and custom he should have been the second most important; in the event, the decision was taken by four *other* cabinet ministers, one of them, the Prime Minister, in collaboration with the heads of Britain's invisible government. This invisible government has certain fixed points. It includes the key-men in the Civil Service: the permanent heads of the Foreign and Home Offices, the permanent heads of the Treasury, the secretary to the King. They consult with such persons as the Governor of the Bank of England, and he in turn consults with his special advisers and colleagues. This financial group control, or attempt to control, the ultimate financial policy of the Empire.

There are certain great newspaper proprietors and others controlling the machines for molding public opinion, including the great religious heads of the country.

A strong Prime Minister, with resolute colleagues, may successfully defy this invisible government. It was done on one or two occasions by Mr. Lloyd George at the height of his power. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as Prime Minister of the first Labor government, attempted on one occasion to act without the concurrence of the invisible government, and was immediately defeated. In 1931, at the end of his second Labor administration, he had learned his lesson. But he could not carry his cabinet with him, and so he dropped the majority of his cabinet and proceeded to form the present National government.

Now to return to the case of King Edward VIII. He was always prepared to act constitutionally; that is to say, to take the formal advice of his cabinet. This formal advice is rarely given. The real contest takes place in the informal discussions.

King George V attempted to take a line of his own in the Irish crisis just before the Great War, when he attempted to intervene directly and got so far as to initiate the calling of a conference, under his chairmanship, of the chiefs of the several contending factions.

He did not persist. If he had persisted, there would have been civil war and it might have led to the downfall of the monarchy. In the last year or two of his reign he had such a hold on the public that he could have informally

persuaded his cabinet and, through them, the invisible government to alter certain lines of policy. But by that time he was old and in failing health, and did not attempt to match his judgment against that of his advisers.

King Edward VIII not only inherited the immense popularity of his father, but he brought with him to the throne a great hold on the affections of the younger generation. The veterans of the last war, the "forgotten men," the poor not only loved him as they loved his father, but they added to this filial affection—if I may so describe it—the trust of comradeship. King George V was regarded as the mystical head of a family. Edward VIII was regarded as one of the family. And out of the hundred million educated members of the British Empire, scarcely one hundred thousand understood, prior to the events of December, 1936, the real position of the monarchy, its weakness and its strength.

To put the matter quite bluntly, the governing forces in Britain were afraid of King Edward VIII.

The very fact that he was unorthodox and unconventional made them apprehensive that he might not fit himself into this well established machinery. For fifty years a sustained and successful attempt has been made to popularize the monarchical system in Britain. In the middle of the last century and right up to the last quarter of the last century the throne was unpopular. Queen Victoria was actively disliked by a large section of her subjects. The Left Wing and progressive elements in British politics had republican leanings. In the latter part of Queen Victoria's reign and during the reigns of Kings Edward VII and George V a tremendous glamour and prestige was created for the occupant of the throne; but if the occupant of the throne chose to show independence, then this situation might be dangerous. King Edward VIII knew all this and foresaw what was coming to him. He let it be known many years ago that he would prefer not to ascend the throne. When his father was dying, he put out discreet feelers to find out if it would be possible for him to renounce the succession in favor of his brother. The attempt was foredoomed to failure from the first. The forces were too great against a breach in the continuity of the succession, and he realized it.

IF he had been content to follow in his father's footsteps in *everything*, all would have been well. All would have been well if he had been content to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather, King Edward VII. That monarch had mistresses, as all the world knows; he also had friends of his generation, wealthy cosmopolitans, whose company he enjoyed.

But he had married and had children and grandchildren, and he behaved with great dignity. He was an old man. He was fond of horse racing, then the most popular sport in England. He collaborated successfully in foreign policy with his governments. King Edward VIII was equally impatient with conventional society, but he never concealed this impatience. He declared from the first that he had a right to his own private life. He preferred the society of a young witty smart set, thus cutting himself off from certain wise, friendly, and unofficial advice which would have been valuable. From the beginning he had been badly advised by those to whose advice he was prepared to listen. By the end of July, 1936, Stanley Baldwin was a sick man. His position as Prime Minister was badly shaken. He had to take a complete rest from work for two months, or his health would have given way. He let things drift. But from the very early days of King Edward VIII's brief reign, he and other important functionaries had attempted to give King Edward informal advice about his private life, the main features of which are now known to all the world. The advice was not taken. The real conflict was whether the reigning king should be required to subordinate all his private actions to the advice of his ministers, or whether he had some measure of independence in his private affairs.

Even if he had not taken the decision to marry Mrs. Simpson he would have been required to give up his friendship with her, and also to cut himself off from the little circle of intimates whom he had gathered round him.

In desperation he sought a solution in the morganatic-marriage proposal. If he had been *persona grata* with the real governing forces in other respects, the morganatic-marriage compromise would have been accepted. He would even have been allowed to marry the lady and make her queen. But those who control the government were afraid of him. They could, without much difficulty, have presented his side of the case in such a way to the public of Great Britain, and to the Dominions, that the marriage could have taken place. Of that there is no doubt.

But then he would have been in a stronger position than ever as a personality, while—and here there is no doubt either—the position of the monarchy would have been weakened. Much of the carefully built-up glamour round the throne would have been dissipated. It was decided, from motives no doubt believed to be in the best interests of all concerned, that it would be better for King Edward to go and for his brother to be made king. Then the ideal of a happily married king with a happy family could be recreated. The process is going on now.

If the governors of Britain had desired to retain King Edward on the throne, it could have been done. If he had desired it, it might have been done. But he had reached a point, as he has declared to the world, when he could not and did not desire to go on as ruler.

The abdication, therefore, was inevitable.

AND now let us notice the tremendous forces against this man. I doubt if he had half a dozen sensible and experienced persons on whom he could rely for sound advice. Already the press campaign abroad had been reproduced in the far more dangerous form of a whispering campaign in Britain. The stories put about were atrocious. There was at least sympathy in the American press, for example, and friendliness toward Mrs. Simpson. But in the British whispering campaign there was neither, nor any attempt at understanding.

Nor had the King any means whatever of putting his side of the case. The columns of the press were closed to him; he could make no public speech without the approval of every word by the cabinet; he could not broadcast. There was no time to mobilize either political or public opinion in his favor, and no means of doing it.

The constitutional issue was one in which the alternative governing political party, the Labor Party, dared not do other than support the government. Whatever their sympathies for the King as a man, whatever their views about his private political opinions, if they had espoused his cause and forced an election on the country, whether they had won or lost, the position would have been impossible. If they had fought an election and lost, they would have set back their cause for ten years. If they had won, they would have re-established the right of the King to ignore his ministers' advice and have paved the way for a British form of Fascism.

When it was known that the Labor Party would not form an alternative government if the Baldwin cabinet resigned, King Edward was beaten. The decision taken was not formal, it could not be, because *all* the facts were not known. But the informal decision was actually made and was taken by thirteen men, the elected governing executives of the Labor Party. Even so, there were great dangers in the situation.

King Edward was prepared to abandon the throne. Suppose under the strain he had decided to make a fight. If, when the facts of the crisis began to leak out, he had come to London and shown himself there, there would have been a great popular movement in his favor.

It would have been exploited, however, by elements in Britain who are opposed to the parliamentary system and would welcome some form of dictatorship. Even in the period of uncertainty some very powerful and wealthy men had let it be known that they were prepared to finance, and even direct, such a movement. Democracy would have won; but only after the most serious political disorders and even civil strife. And this at a time when the international situation is more dangerous than at any time since 1914, and when the painfully built-up business and financial confidence was in danger of destruction.

The greatest service the British monarch has ever performed was the refusal of King Edward VIII to lend himself to any such project.

THE END

to the Ladies

by

PprincessAlexandraKropotkin

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

SOMETHING noteworthy and new for our feminine bookshelf is The Woman's Almanac, published this year for the first time, henceforth to be issued annually. Edited by Antoinette Donnelly and Allice Archibald, it puts us at last on an equal footing with the *old farmers*, inasmuch as that we women, too, now have an almanac of our own.

"'Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterward.'—Benjamin Franklin."

That is one of the smart old sayings I found sprinkled through the book in true almanac style. All the celebrated girls are listed, the famous movie queens, lady politicians, leading business women, sportswomen, et cetera. Also pages and pages of beauty hints, household helps, horoscope hunches, etiquette edicts, style suggestions, marriage and divorce statistics, in fact almost everything that any nice woman should know, including how to reduce her waistline—and how to have her husband draw up his will.

Now a few words about the editors of our first woman's almanac: Antoinette Donnelly, as most of you know, is a newspaperwoman of national reputation, an authority on cosmetics and on those intimate problems that vex our young people who retain (God bless 'em!) a certain dampness behind the ears. Allice Archibald hails from Minnesota, is a commercial-research expert. General Pershing made a special rule that permitted her to wear earrings with her army-girl uniform during the war. She told him she would feel naked without earrings. He said in that case she had better wear 'em.

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY and ALLICE ARCHIBALD

"Time ma-aahrches on"—applied to real life, eh, what?

● When young South American boys leave home to study at college in the United States—so I am told by one now here—the standard joke yelled at them by friends who see them off is this:

"Whatever you do, *don't* marry an American girl!"

I asked for heaven's sake, why? The young man said it is because of the way our tourist girls high-hat the South American boys they meet down there.

At least, that's how the boys understand it.

"They act too rich and too stuck-up for us," he said. "We are all taken by pleasant surprise to find the girls up here treat us nicely. Every time we meet them down home in our own country they treat us very badly."

I should think this ought to be useful information for any of you girls who may be taking a South American trip.

● A health expert of my acquaintance has given me a valuable suggestion to pass along to you on the subject of dodging grippe colds and influenza. He says:

"Many women catch cold while shopping. You go downtown in the morning, get all tired out galloping around the department stores until mid-afternoon, then eat a sandwich or an ice-cream soda, and begin to sneeze before you reach home."

When we are out shopping through the day, he tells us, we mustn't neglect a hot lunch to build up the lowered germ resistance that comes with fatigue. Not a heavy lunch but something substantial and *hot*. Any good soup or bouillon is ideal.

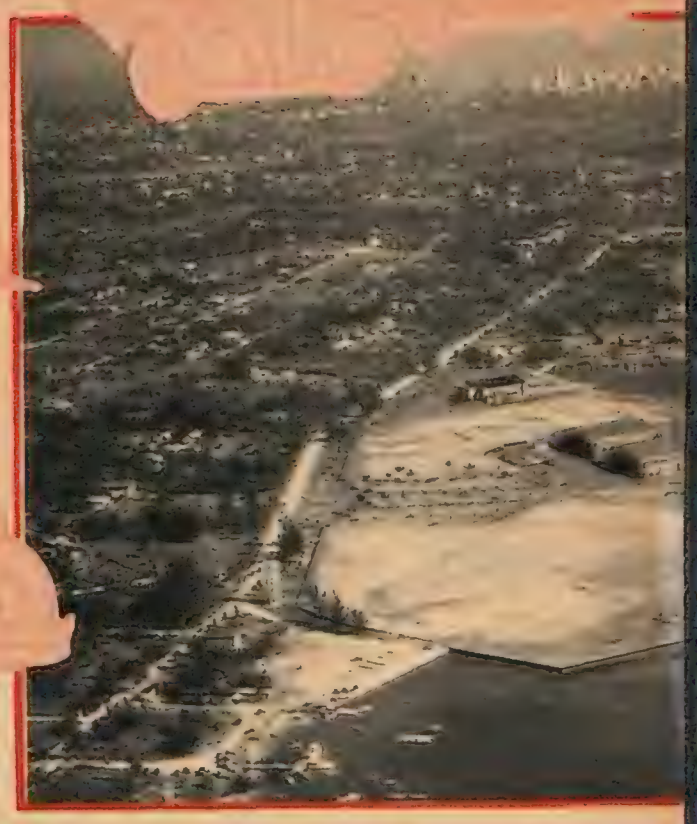
● A rich man, over ninety and ailing now, has been restrained by law from going to the circus because his relatives and doctors think the exertion might finish him. All his life the old gent has loved circuses, is determined to see one more at any cost, but the family has stopped him by some sort of legal action—for his own safety, so they claim, which is probably true, yet I cannot see the virtue of it. Neither can he, and he is fighting the case. I hope he wins. And I hope he will see that last circus—no matter what happens.

● Believe in miracles? Here's an interesting book on the subject: The Case for Miracle, by Clement F. Rogers (published by the Macmillan Company).

● Try baking mackerel this Italian way with tomato sauce and a little sherry wine. It is one of the tastiest fish recipes I know: Use the fillets from 2 one-pound mackerel. Lay in fireproof dish, cover with thinly sliced onion, 2 carrots cut in rounds, 1 bay leaf, salt, pepper, chopped parsley. Mix ¾ cup vinegar with 1¼ cups water, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry wine. Pour over the fish, cover, and cook 35 minutes in very slow oven. Drain liquor off and combine it to make thick sauce with Italian tomato paste, some butter, flour, a touch of garlic. Cover the fillets with the sauce. Reheat in oven. Serve from fireproof baking dish.

FLORIDA GOES WILD

Here's NEWS!—A First-Hand Report on an Astonishing Symptom of Changing Times



READING TIME
10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THIRTEEN years ago two men stood in the depot at Miami. Pop Richards, kindly old Floridian, had taken a fatherly interest in the ambitious young lad from the East. Now they were saying good-by.

"You'll be back," prophesied the old native.

Jack Brown, the young Easterner (two weeks before he had been worth at least ten million dollars—on paper) shook a head that was still groggy; fingered, in his lower vest pocket, his last two twenties.

"I'll never be back," he said bitterly.

Pop clucked genuine regret. Then, blue eyes twinkling, he uttered the byword of hospitable Floridians:

"You'll be back to see us. Once a man gets the sand of Florida in his shoes, he always comes back."

Jack Browns by the score were taking trains home in those days. One of the biggest, most iridescent land bubbles in history had just burst. Businesses were swept away. I know. I had a tabloid newspaper in the Miamis. Hard times forced me out, just as they did hundreds of others.

For more than a decade nothing much happened down there at the southern tip of Florida. And then, some weeks ago, Jack Brown and thousands of his Northern neighbors began an amazing trek to the Florida cities 1,300 miles south of New York. And they brought Prosperity along with them.

All the advance signs for 1937 have been checked and rechecked. They all lead to the same inescapable conclusion: Boom days are here again.

And this time the signs are healthy. Thirteen years ago, people flocked to Florida to make money. Today they are here to play in the sun and spend money. There's a difference.

Miami and Miami Beach find themselves the centers of this boom. Even Palm Beach this year concedes the royal box to her southern sisters.

Late last year I read and heard that Florida was about to have a tremendous rush of business. I was frankly skeptical. I had been here early in 1936 and, though it had been a splendid year, I saw nothing that I interpreted as promising a 1937 boom.

Last fall my father, General Cornelius Vanderbilt, was ill with a serious heart ailment. Doctors prescribed an extended convalescence in Florida. My mother and I journeyed south to be with him aboard our yacht Winchester, anchored in Biscayne Bay, off Miami.

I have had, since then, ample opportunity to observe for myself indisputable evidence of Florida's second boom. To begin with, the winter rush to Florida began eight weeks earlier than ever before. Since Thanksgiving, all trains coming here have been running in two and three sections. Approximately 5,000 visitors have been pouring into Miami Beach daily, and at the present rate of arrivals 2,500,000 persons will have visited here by February 1.

In more than a quarter century of repeated visits to Miami I have seen nothing like it.

Twenty-seven years ago I went to school in Cocoanut Grove, eight miles south of Miami. At that time Miami was a sleepy tropical village of less than 10,000 inhabitants. Miami Beach had not even been heard of. It consisted of a group of mangrove-covered islands on the other side of Biscayne Bay, five miles away. We used to chug over there in a steam launch to go swimming in the surf.

The land boom came, collapsed. After that came the nation-wide depression. It was during this trying period that Florida found itself visited by a new type of trade; a sane-minded group, a type that will contribute greatly to the substantial success of the impending second boom.

This new visitor was an average person. He had a wife and children, an automobile, a modest bank account, and a white-collar job. The depression swept the job away. He took stock of the situation. To remain in the North meant to pay coal bills. He shut up his home, got in his car, and took the family to Florida for two or three winter months. He lived modestly, and found that he actually saved money by this move.

He learned that the climate of this American Riviera was pleasant and healthful both winter and summer, both day and night. The trade winds are constant and the temperature is seldom lower than 69°; rarely higher than 80°. And—like millions of others who have visited Florida—he found himself unable to shake all of its soft white sand from his shoes.

Today, having waded, chin up, out of a depression, he is revisiting Florida. He is helping make the 1937 Florida boom, and he will have a hand in shaping the glorious future that lies before the state. To meet the vast increase in tourist trade, 111 apartment buildings, thirty-eight hotels, and more than 1,400 new residences have been built this year. The majority of these will seek the patronage of visitors of modest means.

True, Florida still has its daily increasing quota of wealthy people. The swank Roney Plaza at Miami Beach today plays to capacity crowds, as do a score of other fashionable hotels on the Beach. Lincoln Road, with its exclusive Fifth Avenue shops, is crowded with shoppers.

Over in Coral Gables, near the edge of the Everglades, towers the magnificent Miami Biltmore Hotel. Its sweeping driveways more than accommodated traffic a few years ago. Today they are jammed with cars, and at least one out of every five is a Rolls-Royce.

Last year I visited Miami twice—both times briefly. While ashore I spent most of my time at the Deauville, most individual resort hotel on this continent. Operated by Bernarr Macfadden, America's greatest living advocate of health, it is a combination of supreme comfort and an excellent cuisine, plus all the best in physiotherapy. A fortune has been spent in equipping its bathing establishment with the latest in world-renowned hydrotherapy, physiotherapy, physcultopathy, and other drugless health-building measures. In its center is the largest oval swimming pool in the eastern United States. Its crescent-shaped beach is magnificent, and I have found nothing like its "Streets of Paris" open-air restaurant in America. The New Year's Eve party at the Deauville this year was far and away the gayest party I attended in Miami. And quite the most fashionable.

Miami today is the winter sport hub of eastern Amer-

WITH PROSPERITY

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

Miami as it looks from the air near one of its superb modern airports.

Butler from Fairchild Aerial Surveys photo

ica. Hialeah Park, one of the most beautiful race tracks in the world, offers, with Tropical Park, racing from December to April. Your two-dollar bet is as cheerfully accepted as your neighbor's thousand-dollar wager.

If you don't like horses, you can get a bet down any night, winter or summer, on one of the sleek dogs that chase a mechanical cottontail around the track. There are four dog tracks, easily accessible. Then there are exhibitions of that incredibly fast Cuban game, jai-alai, and of its baby brother, fronton. World-famous polo teams compete twice weekly. There is tennis to be played and sailing to be done. There is swimming—and some of the finest deep-sea fishing in the world.

You can make your wife a golf widow in Florida—despite its table-top topography—as readily as anywhere else in the world. The Indian Creek course is pronounced by experts to be the finest in the entire South.

Broadway and Hollywood send their best entertainers to Miami's night clubs at one time or another during a Miami winter. The restaurants are many and airy, their food excellent. Popular at the moment is Jack Dempsey's place in the Vanderbilt (no relation) Hotel. Nightly, in two immense and very attractively decorated rooms, 3,000 to 5,000 persons are fed.

Equally dazzling is California as it "goes wild" with a prosperity that will be described in Liberty next week.

SOME of these things are not, of course, for the man of moderate means. But he finds plenty to do. Miami is a beautiful place by day. A stroll offers many pleasant surprises—all free. Tiny bridges and causeways join dozens of little islands. Southern trade winds ripple the fringe of coconut palms. There are winding canals and flower-banked rivers. By night Miami becomes a veritable fairyland ablaze with multicolored soft neon lights.

The wealthy man may put out to seek duels with the game fish of the deep. The poor man, standing on Sunrise Point and casting, will have as good a chance of hooking a 700-pound shark, or even that greatest of Florida big-game fish, a silver tarpon.

The average family has found that it can winter here for $100. Many come in trailers—and stay the year round. It is incredibly inexpensive living. Early in January authorities estimated that there were 50,000 persons living in the city's dozens of trailer camps.

For twenty-five cents a night any man can have a parking space under a palm tree.

The city fathers have planned for both rich and poor. The two need never mix. Large comfortable rambling beach clubs with the highest entry fees have been established by socialites on the Beach to keep out hoi polloi. The poor man, on the other hand, has access to miles of clean well policed beach not occupied by the super-snooty clubs.

Southern Florida no longer is exclusively the haven of the wealthy. Today the man with the homemade trailer will have less difficulty in finding a place to park than the multimillionaire will in finding room to berth his big yacht. For along the Miami bay front there is lying, as this is written, a floating city worth eighty million dollars. The monthly upkeep of a yacht measuring in excess of 200 feet in length is said to be about $17,000. There are 376 yachts in Miami—exactly 175 more than were here during the entire season last year. And seventy-one others have cleared for Miami during the past few days from Jacksonville, 400 miles north.

Last year Miami became the second passenger port in the United States. A few weeks ago the great globe-encircling snow-white liner Reliance came to port with nearly 500 tourists, making a trip around the world. It was the first time a ship of this size had visited a tropical American port. And it was believed to herald a service to southern Europe which may be in effect before long.

AIR travel? New Yorkers now week-end in Miami! Two airports make it the largest passenger air base to foreign countries in the nation. From Pan American's airdrome at Cocoanut Grove huge clippers take off daily for thirty-four foreign nations. North of town, Eastern Airlines maintains a tremendous base for immense landplanes. Last year 1,217 planes brought 16,717 persons into Miami.

A great many persons on the Florida peninsula own and fly their own planes. It has become quite fashionable to go off on air jaunts around South America. Bill Leeds and his attractive wife led by flying their own plane down one coast and up the other last fall. William K. Vanderbilt and his interesting wife, Rose, soon followed suit, taking friends and an air crew. The Sailing Baruchs then did likewise.

Critics have asserted that Miami is unprepared to feed its hundreds of thousands of visitors. That is not true. For years a vast reclamation project has been going on in the Upper Everglades. There, in dark rich soil, tomatoes, peas, beans, celery, lettuce, avocados, broccoli, cauliflower, asparagus, and strawberries are being grown within ten miles of the heart of Miami. Dairies, packing houses, chicken, turkey, and duck farms—all these are springing up around the city. Experienced fruit growers are being induced to migrate to south Florida.

The boom most definitely is on. Money is being spent freely. There is a lilting freedom in the air, and good-fellowship in your neighbor's face. Never has Miami known such success.

Dining out over the ocean the other evening, at Deauville, I asked Mr. Macfadden what he thought had started Miami's boom of 1937.

"In my younger years," he said thoughtfully, "I felt I could rebuild the entire world on a health pattern. As I grew older, I realized that I would be doing a good job if I could rebuild a few hundred people.

"Life is like that, too. The world is just waking up to the fact that it must spend part of its time 'living.' To live, one must 'play,' too. The right degree of each makes a perfectly balanced diet.

"People are awakening today to the fact that Miami Beach is an essential part of that diet."

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY
W. D. STEVENS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

AT the corner of Hollywood and Vine Kathy O'Connor stopped and picked up a pin. She stuck it in the lapel of her smartly tailored suit and continued down the boulevard toward Wilcox.

Kathy's beauty was conspicuous even on Hollywood Boulevard. Her eyes were blue and quite capable of speech. Her nose turned up just enough. Her hair was more gold than red.

She paused in the middle of the block to study the gowns in Dunston's window. She made a mental note to shorten her blue chiffon.

A man edged alongside Kathy.

"'Member me, kid?" he asked. "Joe Hoffman? You and me worked together at Bonelli's barge."

"Yes, I remember you," Kathy said.

Joe grinned. "For a minute I thought you was getting stuck-up or something."

He was squat and fat. A battered black felt hat sat on the back of an unruly mop of almost-white hair.

"You know"—he eyed Kathy narrowly—"I get to wondering sometimes about how you come to work out there just before Bonelli got knocked over."

"Tough break for me," Kathy said. "Just when I thought I was set in a good job, the place was pinched."

"So?" Joe said.

"I'll see you around," Kathy said and went on down the boulevard.

At the next corner she entered an office building and rode the elevator to the seventh floor. She followed the corridor to a door marked: "W. W. Greenstone—Theatrical Enterprises."

Moe Greenstone ushered Kathy into his private office.

"I got the spot for you," he beamed. "A new joint out on Vermont—the Singed Whisker. Strictly a high-class joint. No rough stuff. They're looking for a specialty like yours to feature. Your picture in the window, I can arrange."

Kathy put up a hand. "No soap, Moe. I'm tired of singing lullabies to lushheads. I want to play to the carriage trade for a while. Can't you book me into something classy out on Sunset?"

Moe shrugged. "If you want to play second fiddle I can put you into the Valencia. The Nit Nat boys get top billing. Only six bits, and I could get you eighty-five with your name in lights, maybe, at the Singed Whisker."

"I think I'd like it at the Valencia."

"If you say so," Moe agreed. "Get out there this afternoon. Ask for Bapti Vinconzi. I'll telephone him you're coming."

Kathy stood behind drawn cur-

"Look at that!" Bapti shouted. "Just because you're a big shot in the pictures you can't run around drunk, murdering people."

tains, watching, as the Valencia's dance floor was cleared. Presently a baby spot was focused on the other side of the curtains. She stepped out.

The night-club dining room was hushed. Her voice was rich and throaty. It carried a plaintive note that got across to the late sitter-uppers.

As Kathy sang she went into a dance that carried her around the dance floor. Her singing was intimate. Lonely men and young couples in love felt the song was being sung especially for them.

Kathy finished her number and disappeared through the curtains.

In the corridor leading to her dressing room, Bapti Vinconzi, owner of the Club Valencia, blocked her way.

Bapti swaggered with the assurance that his self-esteem was shared by the world. His tux was midnight blue. He wore a batwing tie and a turned-down collar on a soft shirt. There was a maroon carnation on his lapel.

"Nice going, babe," he said. "You play along with me and you'll go places in this business." He winked knowingly.

Kathy said: "Thanks, Mr. Vinconzi."

"Hey, what is this?" Bapti demanded. "Can that mister stuff. I'm Bapti to you. See what I mean?"

"O. K." Kathy pushed open the door of the dressing room.

The outer portion of the room was occupied by the eight girls who made up the pony chorus. Kathy had a dressing table and chaise longue in an alcove curtained off from the rest of the room.

She went through the curtain into her dressing nook. A little blonde, who looked fifteen and probably wasn't more than eighteen, jumped from the chaise longue where she had been lying. Mascara-streaked cheeks showed that she had been crying.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to stay so long."

Kathy put an arm around her. "Want to tell mama?"

The girl shook her head. "It's nothing. I'm just scared. This is my first night in the chorus—in any chorus."

"Is that all?"

"No. I mean yes. I'm just scared."

She went out where the other girls were straining into tight-fitting satin scanties.

Kathy couldn't get the blonde chorus girl out of her mind. The kid had a bad case of nerves brought on by something more serious than fear of facing an audience.

Kathy did four turns that first night; the last about one thirty. She was just returning to her dressing room after her final number, the

applause ringing in her ears and echoing in her pulses, when she heard the crash—the grinding of metal on metal, the screech of brakes, the tinkling of falling glass.

She rushed out a side door. An underslung foreign car and a small coupé stood locked together, still quivering from the force of their impact. The door of the coupé was hanging open and sprawled half on the running board and half on the curb was the body of a girl.

Kathy and Bapti Vinconzi reached the girl at the same time.

One arm stuck out at a crazy angle. Her dress was ripped up the side, exposing a torn and bleeding thigh. There was blood on the girl's face.

Bapti bent over Kathy's shoulder. "My God!" he cried. "It's Jane Baird, the kid I hired this afternoon."

He wrenched open the door of the foreign car. In it Kathy recognized Carlo Rossmore, one of G. B. S.'s stars. His mouth hung loosely open and his eyes were glazed from drink.

Bapti dragged the star from under the wheel and shook him. "Look at that, you lush!" he shouted. "Just because you're a big shot in the pictures you can't run around stinking drunk, murdering people.

"Get her inside my office," Bapti ordered the two waiters who had followed him outside.

Kathy hurried ahead of the waiters. When they had laid Jane on a couch and gone out, Kathy leaned over and smoothed back the girl's hair.

The blonde opened her eyes. She smiled a wan smile. "It's a hell of a way to make a living," she said.

Her eyes closed and she lapsed into unconsciousness.

Bapti came in, leading the dazed actor. He pushed him into a chair.

"Get outa here," he ordered Kathy.

"This girl needs attention," Kathy told him.

Bapti stared at her through narrowed lids. "O. K.," he gave in. "You're an all-right Joe, at that. Keep your head. Do what you can for her. The croaker will be here in a minute."

To Rossmore he said: "Well, I guess this just about washes you up. Swell publicity break for your new picture. But the wrong kind. Every woman's club in the country will be howling for your scalp after they read in tomorrow's papers how you drive around barrel-housed in a big car and run down helpless women."

The shock and the sight of the stricken girl had sobered Rossmore somewhat. He looked up at Bapti.

"Call Fleagle. You can get him through the studio."

"G. B. S. lawyer, eh?" Bapti said. "Well, you'll need more than him to square this beef. Anyways, I wouldn't do it."

"I'll give you a hundred—a thousand," the star offered. He reached for his wallet.

"You can stick your dough right back in your pocket," Bapti said. "I'll call him. But I'm personally going to see you do the right thing by this here kid." Bapti picked up his office phone.

THE waiters came in with towels, ice, and basins of water. The doctor followed them. He worked swiftly and silently, dressing the abrasions. Kathy aided him.

She was cutting dressings when the door burst open. A huge man with a head bare as a billiard ball burst in. He was followed by a tall handsome man in tails.

The bald man strode to Rossmore, shot a quick glance at the injured girl, then shook a finger in the star's face.

"You're fired. Washed up. Through in pictures," he stormed. "After all I done for you—picking you out of a mob of extras and building you up with good money." He spat. "When my back is turned you bite it."

"But, P. K.!" Rossmore wrung his hands.

Kathy looked at the newcomer. So this was P. K.—the great Phineas Krause, head of G. B. S.

"Fleagle, talk to him. Tell him it can be straightened out." Rossmore was appealing to the man in tails.

"Now, now, P. K.," the lawyer was trying to placate the studio head. "Things may not be as bad as they look."

Phineas Krause made motions over his bald head as though he was pulling out hair.

"A million!" he exploded. "A million good American dollars I put into Gateway to Love. The publicity of this—this backbite makes the picture good for the shelf only and a complete loss on the books. And already it's released today, just."

As the doctor prepared to set the girl's arm, Bapti walked to Rossmore and jerked the actor to his feet.

"You're going to watch this," he commanded.

Fleagle stepped forward. "What right have you—"

Phineas Krause put up a restraining hand. "Maybe it will learn him," he said. "But what right have you to butt in?" he demanded of Bapti.

"Me?" Bapti said. "This is my place. This little girl works for me. I'm responsible for her."

Rossmore's flushed face paled as he watched. When it was over he swallowed and reached for the brandy decanter. Bapti pushed his arm aside.

"There's nothing left to do but call an ambulance," the doctor said.

"No. My God, no!" Rossmore shouted. "That means police and reporters." He turned to Fleagle. "You've got to do something."

PHINEAS KRAUSE paced the floor. Kathy busied herself in a corner of the room.

"Listen here, Mr. Fleagle. I can work this thing out to suit everybody," Bapti said. "Suppose this accident was all the fault of the little girl here? Suppose Rossmore didn't have a drink all evening and the waiters could prove it?"

"Don't go beating so around the bush!" Phineas Krause roared.

Fleagle said: "Quiet, P. K."

"Suppose Jane would sign a statement taking all the blame. That would let Rossmore out, wouldn't it? And the picture wouldn't be hurt none."

Phineas Krause brightened. "Just what I was thinking, Fleagle—along the same lines anyway."

"Of course," Bapti added, "Jane's got to be taken care of, and seeing as how I thought up the idea myself I ought to have a little something. Say about five thousand for Jane and fifty grand for my trouble."

"Blackmail!" Phineas Krause shouted. "I positively will pay not one cent for blackmail. Is it blackmail, Fleagle?"

Fleagle said: "Maybe."

Rossmore gripped Fleagle's arm. "I'll pay it," he said. "I have that much. Let me pay it."

Bapti's grin broadened. "Fleagle can draw up the statement all airtight. Jane will sign it, and for witnesses—the two waiters who carried her in. Then Rossmore's in the clear. I, nor nobody else, can ever blackmail him or the studio."

Fleagle turned to the doctor. "How badly is the girl hurt?" he asked.

The doctor shrugged. "Simple fracture of the left ulna. Multiple abrasions. As for possible internal injuries I can't say at this time."

"Draw up the agreement. I'll pay!" Rossmore shouted. "Make him do it, P. K.," he appealed.

"Maybe we better," Phineas Krause agreed.

"It's the easiest way out," Fleagle agreed.

Bapti turned to Kathy. "Scram out of here," he told her, and followed her out of the office.

"You're a good kid," he told her. "But you don't want to go hearing more than's good for you."

"I didn't hear a thing," Kathy said.

"That's a boy," Bapti approved. "I'll see that you get cut in for a piece of change."

He slipped his arm around her waist. "You know I like a babe that keeps her head in a tight spot. You and me might get together sometime."

Kathy made herself smile. "I just work here," she said.

She went into her dressing room. A few minutes later she heard an ambulance come to a stop at the Valencia's side door.

Kathy, on her way out, noticed that the ambulance was from the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. She took a taxi to the Kagawa Apartments. She walked two flights to her apartment and let herself in.

Kathy went directly to the telephone and dialed a number. She drummed impatiently on the desk until she heard Lou Flemming's sleepy voice.

"Get over to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital," she told him. "Jane Baird, a dancer at the club, was hurt in an auto smash. There might be a lead in it." She listened a moment and hung up.

Kathy was ready for bed when Lou called back.

"Jane Baird is not at Georgia Street," he reported. "She's at the morgue. The hospital record reads: 'Dead on arrival.'"

. . . . .

It was the thing now for Hollywood personages to drop in for a late supper and hear Kathy O'Connor sing. The Valencia was doing a near-capacity business.

Bapti had inaugurated a stiff cover charge. He also boosted Kathy's salary. She now had a dressing room to herself and a maid to help with her changes of costume.

A coroner's jury had returned a verdict of accidental death in the case of Jane Baird. There had been very little publicity and that little was favorable to Carlo Rossmore.

Lou had wanted to arrest Bapti Vinconzi, but the D. A. sensibly pointed out that they had nothing on him.

Kathy finished her number, sang an encore, and bowed through the curtains. Bapti was waiting for her at the door of her dressing room.

"Drop back to my office after your last number," he said. "I want to talk to you."

"Sure," Kathy told him. She wondered what he could want to see her about. It couldn't be a raise. Moe Greenstone handled that end.

She knocked on the office door after she'd changed for the street.

Bapti was ushering Joe Hoffman out as she entered.

"This here is Joe Hoffman," Bapti introduced.

"We know each other," Joe said. "We worked together on Bonelli's barge just before Bonelli was sent up."

"How are you, Joe?" Kathy asked.

Bapti said: "Blow."

"Well, glad to have seen you again," Joe Hoffman said and went out.

BAPTI held a chair for Kathy and sat opposite her at his desk.

"I got a little deal on," he told her. "I need a woman who can take it and won't go around shootin' off her face. I think you can turn the trick. How would you like to make five thousand for yourself?"

"I could sure use the dough."

"It's like this: Titanic Pictures is showing a sneak preview of a new picture at the Carthay Circle tomorrow night. I don't know what's the name of it, but Allan Blake is the star."

He lighted a cigarette and settled back.

"Well, Blake's got a reservation here for a little private celebrating after the showing. We see that he gets good and stiff, then start him home in his car. He bumps you, we carry you in and put on the pressure for a settlement."

"No dice." Kathy pushed back her chair.

"Oh, you don't get hurt any," Bapti hastened to reassure her.

"Jane Baird didn't get hurt any, either."

"That was her own damn fault," Bapti told her. "Everything was set. A nice piece of change all laid out for her and she got tough," he shrugged. "You're smarter. You got a head on you. I seen that from the start. Me and you could pull this caper perfect."

"No broken bones for me," Kathy insisted.

"Naw, nothing like that," Bapti laughed. "We just give Jane the broken arm to make it look good. With you, it's different. You got a rep and class. Bruises would be enough. Here's what we do: Take an ordinary grater from the kitchen and scratch up an arm or a leg. Looks like the real thing. We give you a little skin shot of morphine and you don't know you're being touched."

"But how do I know I don't get hurt?"

"You can take my word for it." Bapti waved his hand. "Why, I won't even let that stuffed shirt run into you. I'll set him behind the wheel and push the cars together."

KATHY said: "It sounds like a good thing."

"A good thing?" Bapti snorted. "It's perfect!"

He walked to the door with her. "We'll figure on half past one," he said. "Blake ought to get here around midnight. Give him an hour and a half to get stiff. It'll be your regular quitting time anyway."

"What if he doesn't get very drunk?"

"That there will be taken care of." Bapti winked.

. . . . .

Kathy found Lou Flemming in her kitchenette, his feet on the table, a bottle of beer in one hand and a sandwich in the other. Lou was big, gangling, and just ugly enough to be attractive.

"We're all set for the knock-over," she told him. "This time tomorrow our little job is cleaned up."

Lou let his feet fall to the floor and sat up straight. "Get something on Vinconzi?"

She went over Bapti's scheme to shake down Allan Blake and Titanic Pictures.

Lou set his beer down on the table. "No, you don't," he said. "If those slugs found out that you are an investigator out of the D. A.'s office your life wouldn't be worth a dime."

"Oh, yes," Kathy said. "Have you forgotten how Jane Baird looked in the morgue?"

"We can get the mug for something else," Lou insisted. "Might take time, but we'll nail him. You aren't taking any chances like that."

"Now, don't start one of your fights," Kathy warned. "Between us we can pull this thing off so no one will get hurt. You just park your number elevens outside the club until Allan Blake comes out. Then you crash Bapti's office—and crash it with about three men."

"I don't need three men," Lou tapped his chest. "I could wipe up that whole club in about—"

He saw Kathy's grin and grinned back. "If it was anybody else but you I'd come alone. Just to be on the safe side I'll be there at half past twelve instead of half past one." He got up, bent over and kissed Kathy, then went to the icebox.

. . . . .

Kathy was singing her encore when a waiter, passing silently among the tables, caught her eye. He winked. She followed his nod and her heart stopped beating for a moment. Allan Blake was at a table in the corner and he was obviously drunk.

At the conclusion of the song, the orchestra leader took her hand while she bowed.

"The boss sent word for you to come right back to his office," he whispered.

"We got to change our plans a little," Bapti greeted

her. "That cluck is out there now—barrel-housed. Says it makes him nervous to sit through a preview of his own picture. Somebody will come over here to tell him how it went off."

Kathy slumped into a chair. "Maybe we better wait," she said weakly.

"Wait," Bapti laughed. "This is even better than we figured. Some studio big shot's like as not to show up just after we throw the act. If we put it off it would spoil the maneuver."

"He didn't look very drunk to me," Kathy said. "I saw him while I was doing the last number."

"Just relax, kid," Bapti said. "I'm going to have a sawbones mark you up. Just to protect you. After it's over you go home, hire any nurse you want, and take a week to rest. I'll pay for it."

There was a knock at the door. Bapti opened it and stood talking with Joe Hoffman. Twice he looked around at Kathy and once she heard him ask: "Are you sure it's the same filly?"

He closed the door and came back. He didn't sit down but stood staring at her. His face was flushed and his lips tight-pressed.

"You used to work for Bonelli?" It was a whisper.

Kathy stood up. "Yes, I sang on his barge."

"Where's Bonelli now?" Bapti asked.

"Why, I don't know," Kathy said.

"You don't know," Bapti sneered. "I'll tell you where he is. He's doing time up in Stony Lonesome. That's where he is! And *you* put him there!"

Kathy watched wide-eyed while Bapti drew back his arm. Then she forgot to be frightened. She balanced herself on the balls of her feet and stepped inside his swing.

Her tightly clenched little fist smacked home on Bapti's nose. He staggered back, stared at her unbelievingly.

A thin stream of blood trickled down his nose.

This time he didn't swing. He struck out straight from the shoulder. It caught Kathy just under the ear and she slumped to the floor.

Bapti took out his handkerchief, dabbed at his nose, and strode to the door. He flung it open and called: "Joe, bring Louise in here."

A washed-out blonde in a black lace dress came into the room followed by Joe Hoffman.

Bapti tossed a small automatic to Joe. "Keep this stoolie covered," he said.

To the blonde he said: "We got to use you tonight, Louise."

"Not me, you ain't." Louise shook her head.

"Don't you give me none of your lip," Bapti said. "I'll give you a shot in the arm and it won't even hurt you."

Louise retreated a step. "I'll do it," she said. "But no hop. No hop for me. I never used the stuff."

"You're going to need it," Bapti said. "There will be a girl killed in the wreck. This girl." He jerked a thumb at Kathy, who was sitting on the floor rubbing her chin.

Bapti motioned Louise to a chair. He opened a drawer of his desk and took out a hypodermic needle.

He plunged the needle into Louise's arm.

LOUISE stood staring popeyed at Bapti, then she vomited.

"I ought to rub your nose in it!" Bapti shouted.

"First shot always gets 'em that way, boss," Joe said. "You should know that."

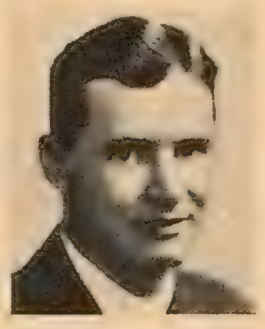
Bapti ignored him. He ordered Louise to lie down on the couch.

He took a vegetable grater from a desk drawer.

Kathy started to rise as Bapti drew up Louise's dress, exposing her thigh. Joe advanced menacingly with the gun. She sank back in the chair and put her hand over her mouth.

Bapti scraped the blonde's leg from hip to knee.

She didn't cry out. She lay, her eyes wide, staring up at him.



HAROLD JOYCE

was born in Butte, Montana, and labels himself Butte Irish. Says that watching politicians react to the fluff he wrote about them while second-guessing sports and second-sighting politics for Western newspapers decided him that he could write convincing fiction. Now he lives in California.

Next he took off one of the blonde's shoes and beat the muscles of her arm with it.

"Makes nice marks," he said over his shoulder.

He stepped back and surveyed his job. "That ought to do," he decided. "Auto accidents are funny. Sometimes one guy gets killed and another in the same car don't get hardly a scratch."

Bapti left the office and returned immediately. "Blake's all set," he said. He closed the door and went over to the couch. He ripped Louise's dress up the side.

"All right," he said to Joe.

Joe asked: "All right?"

"Let her have it," Bapti ordered.

Joe leveled his gun.

"Not that, you dope!" Bapti shouted. "Break her neck. It's supposed to be an auto accident, not a war. Gimme that gat."

Joe flipped the gun around and handed it to Bapti, butt first.

Kathy was out of her chair in a leap. She flung herself on Bapti's arm. She sunk her teeth into the hand that gripped the gun.

Bapti swore as the gun clattered to the floor.

Kathy brought her knee up and sank it into Bapti's groin.

Joe threw his arm around her and pinioned her from behind.

Bapti straightened up. He stood balanced on his toes. He bit his lips and tears of rage streamed down his face.

Kathy cried out just before the blow landed on her mouth.

THE door burst open and Lou Flemming came in, followed by three others of the D. A.'s staff.

Joe released Kathy and made a grab for the gun on the floor. Lou flicked a shot that caught him in the shoulder.

Joe dived right over the gun and lay writhing on the floor.

Lou turned to Bapti, raised his gun. The only sound in the room was the heavy breathing of the night-club owner.

Some one behind Lou said: "The rat drew first."

Lou put his police special back into his pocket. Without a word he stalked slowly forward. Bapti retreated before him into a corner.

Lou growled deep in his throat as his hands shot out. Right followed left into Bapti's face. He flopped to the floor.

"That's too easy," Lou said and picked him up. He held him against the wall with his left hand and pounded his right into Bapti's face.

When Lou let go, Bapti folded slowly to the floor.

. . . . .

Kathy opened the icebox and brought out a roast. She put it on the kitchen table beside the beer.

Lou Flemming pushed back his chair and began to carve thin slices from the roast.

Kathy sat down at the table opposite him. She cupped her chin in her hands.

"How did you get Bapti to confess?" she asked.

Lou put a sliver of meat in his mouth and chewed it a while.

"Easy," he grinned. "I told him we had him on mayhem for marking up Louise, and that meant the gallows. I said that he might get second degree for the Baird girl's murder."

"Will he?"

Lou shrugged. "Maybe. You never can tell what a jury will do."

Kathy poured the beer. "I'm glad you got there ahead of time."

"Ahead of time!" Lou laughed. "That's good! I was parked outside with Foley at *nine* o'clock. Dalton and Fredericks were inside. When Blake left his table they gave us the office and we crashed." His face was serious. "Not too soon, at that."

Kathy said: "Carve the meat."

THE END

DODGE DEALERS' USED CAR SALES SMASH ALL-TIME WINTER RECORD!

Every Week More Than 11,000 People Are Buying Used Cars and Used Trucks of All Makes and Models from Dodge Dealers—More Than 95,000 Buyers in Two-Months Period!

AT THE amazing rate of more than 11,000 a week, motorists the country over are discovering that the smartest and thriftiest way to buy a used car or a used truck is to go to a Dodge dealer—no matter what make or model they wish.

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Save Real Money!

See the statements below—read what these people say about saving real money by buying from Dodge dealers right now before prices go up in the spring.

Take the advice of these people! Watch your local papers for the bargains your Dodge dealer is offering *now!* Go down and look them over! And remember—you can buy on liberal terms with plenty of time to pay!

"I was keeping my eyes open for a certain used car. When I saw what I wanted at Massachusetts Motor Car Co. I was surprised at the price—much lower than I counted on—and the car was in A-1 condition. I know now that the best time to buy is during the winter before prices go up in the spring." —Harold A. Brewster, Boston.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE BUYERS.. LET THEM TELL YOU HOW THEY GOT A DEPENDABLE USED CAR..

"I planned to wait until warm weather to get a used car, but happened to notice an ad Sidney Weber, Inc., was running which featured some winter bargains. It was easy to see I'd be saving money by not waiting. So I got one of his Blue Seal cars. It looks and runs as good as a new car."—Karl Krummenacher, Pine Lawn, Mo.

"I'll admit I 'shopped around' before signing up for a used car," says Margaret Weber, Chicago, "but I could have saved myself the trouble by going to Felz Motor Sales, Inc. I got a fine sedan and even though I bought it during the winter I knew I wouldn't be taking any chances because of a Dodge dealer's reputation for dependable dealing."

"I bought my used truck from Lyman-Oberg Motor Co. in December," says Carlo Citerio, Salt Lake City, "and got a bargain by buying when I did, instead of waiting for the spring rush. I haven't had a bit of trouble with it, and I'm looking forward to thousands of more miles of real dependable service."

"I just bought a fine-looking sedan from Edwards Motor Company," says Frank Taylor, Milwaukee. "Although I came prepared to pay up to $50 more than I actually paid, I got just the car I wanted. A friend told me I was smart in buying now instead of waiting until spring when prices are higher, and I can see that he was right."

USED CARS DEPENDABLE USED TRUCKS

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL! Many used cars and trucks your Dodge dealer offers carry this famous Blue Seal—your guarantee that the vehicle has been triple-checked for appearance, condition and price!

Depend on a Dodge Dealer for a Dependable Used Car OR USED TRUCK

"The Good Are Dumb"

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by

WILLIAM C. FORD

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT was night in the International, a dangerous restaurant—for some—situated in the European quarter of Peking, in China, where Bolshevik and Conservative are fighting it out, while Uncle Sam—perhaps—is leaving it all to luck.

"Patriotism!" Crosby was grumbling—"Sunday-school stuff!"

Hendrickson, genial and poised, looked at him. "That doesn't sound like the old Crosby," he smiled.

"Look at this bunch of cutthroats here," Crosby grated. "Watch 'em stand up by and by when the orchestra blares their national anthem. Nice rich little patriots, looking out for dear little Number One, and yelling for their country to back up their little schemes when they get caught. No, John, I outgrew that some time back."

Hendrickson's kind eyes looked into Crosby's tired ones. Then Crosby's old infectious smile lighted his lined face.

"I've shocked you." He pushed back from their little table by the window.

Hendrickson sounded relieved. "You were always joking, Dick. Always up to something—"

A waiter served cocktails. They drank, and reordered.

Then Crosby leaned forward again and spoke low:

"You've come here with me when we happened to meet again by chance in this devil of a city. How do you know but I'm after those plans in your inside pocket?" He watched Hendrickson's start and heard him blurt:

"How do you know about them?"

"Easy—easy," Crosby replied. "Every one in Peking that counts knows of them, and of you, and your great knowledge of the island fortifications, and your great value to your country. And yet, instead of going straight to the American Embassy, you come *here*, of all places, and with *me*, of all men, though you haven't seen me since we left college. The good are dumb, John! Suppose, now—just for fun—that I'd stepped down from the old pedestal and had got to be a highly paid respectable sort of spy, working for some of these holy foreign bandit nations that'd pay any price to put you and your invention out of the way—or, better still, to annex you both. And suppose I began laughing at loyalties—to feel you out, perhaps—"

"You were the most loyal boy in prep school, Dick," said Hendrickson. "And at college—I remember—"

"Kid stuff!" interrupted Crosby. "I've learned to watch the main chance since then. This knowledge of yours, now! If I had it, I could sell it for a million! Would that—by any possibility—appeal to you, John?"

Angry red was creeping over Hendrickson's face. "If I thought for one second that you mean this—"

Dick Crosby's hand went out to Hendrickson's arm. "Steady, Jack," he said. "I've carried it too far maybe—always been the clown. But honestly, man, you've disturbed me! The chances you take!"

"I believe most folks are decent," snapped Hendrickson, "if that's what you mean; always have, and always will. And when I lose that I want to lose everything! Some things—we don't joke about, Dick."

Crosby laughed noiselessly. "The good old Sunday-school stuff again, John!" He leaned forward. "Listen, old friend," he whispered. "I hate to see you so dumb. Listen to this—"

Hendrickson tapped the table and listened.

"Just suppose this isn't joking at all and I do happen to be an agent for one of those foreign governments," Crosby went on. "And suppose, just for instance, that I was picked as the one good old college chum who could meet the great Hendrickson here and get close to him. Grand old fraternity grip and all that, John! Not so improbable, is it?"

"Go on," said Hendrickson. His hands were clenched.

"Well, suppose I got you here, on orders, to this particular table. And suppose their spies here don't happen to know either one of us by sight, but that I have orders to get you to stand up in this window here. To stand there alone for a minute, let us say—while the band plays maybe—"

Hendrickson patted his breast pocket. "Go on," he said.

Crosby pointed toward the garden outside.

"Now see that stone wall out there? Suppose there's a rifleman posted out behind it. And suppose I hadn't known they meant to really kill you till we were here and it was too late—and suppose my instructions are that the lights'll go out for a few seconds after you're shot, and I'm to take those papers from your pocket, and slip out that door behind you."

He laughed softly at Hendrickson's wide eyes.

"And suppose the old friendship was coming back to me again, John, and the old forgotten love of the country I haven't seen for twenty years. But suppose, too, that I knew I'd have to go through with it some way because I saw they were watching us, and if I didn't go ahead it was going to be both of us, instead of just you?

"And suppose I'd already tried to get you to listen to reason—of course if you'd do that, even now there might still be a way out—"

Crosby waited, watching.

Hendrickson shifted his feet. "Dick, you're a good actor," said he. "But I'll just say here and now I'd rather die this minute than ever know for sure that old friendship could be so betrayed, or that one's country could be so forgotten."

Crosby's laugh rang out then. "Good old Hendrickson!" he exulted. "One hundred per cent, as always! There never was a time I couldn't get your goat, though, was there? And I did startle you a bit—admit it, and we'll have another drink!"

The orchestra had begun that selection which includes the airs of all nations. For the last few minutes people had been standing all over the restaurant as their anthem came.

And now the opening bars of The Star-Spangled Banner came floating, with that extra wrench for hearts that are far from home.

Crosby put his hand on Hendrickson's shoulder as Hendrickson started to rise. He went on:

"Wait, John. For a second I had you guessing. Maybe you're guessing yet, so just let me prove there was nothing to it! Sit still, John—just while I prove it." He pushed back his chair.

Crosby stood, his back to the window. "Don't forget the door behind you, John," he said, "if the lights go—"

. . . . .

There came the bark of a gun, discharged outside, by the wall.

A tinkle of window glass breaking, and Crosby's body falling across the table.

Darkness.

And the closing of a door.

THE END

Millions Suffer Vitamin Shortage

Most People Don't Realize They Fail to Get ENOUGH VITAMINS with Their Meals— Until Ill Health Shows It

But Eat a SPECIAL SUPPLY of These 4 Vitamins EACH DAY and You Can Forget Them in Your Meals and Add to Your Vitamin Health

Lack of Vitamin D

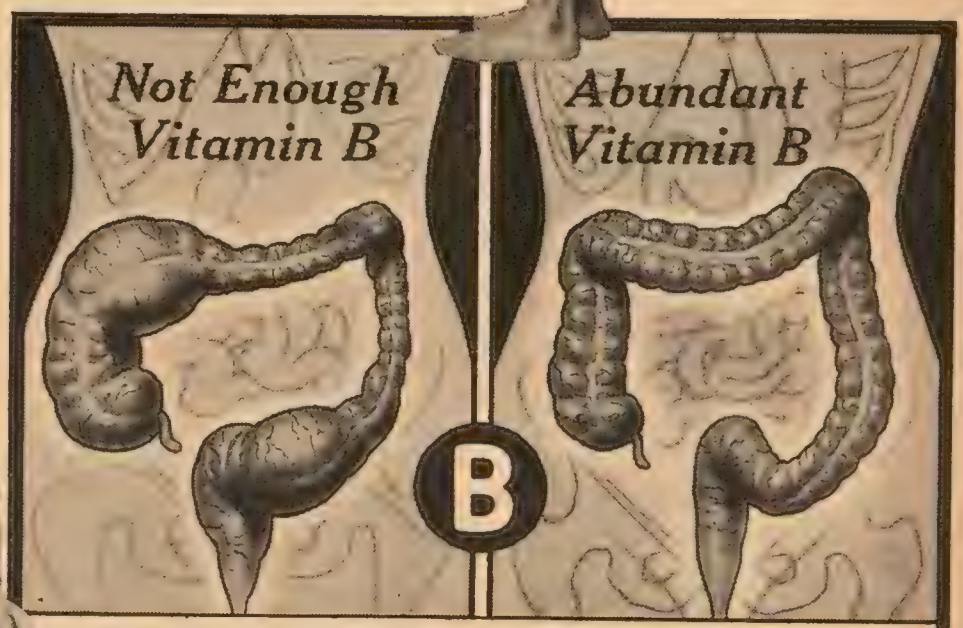
Too little Vitamin D—the important BONE VITAMIN—results in soft bones followed by bowlegs and knock-knees. An ample supply of this vitamin is especially essential to babies and young children. To assure her child growing up with straight, strong bones and good teeth, the mother should eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast during pregnancy and while nursing. Fleischmann's Yeast contains a rich supply of this necessary BONE VITAMIN.

Undersupplied with Vitamin A

A shortage of Vitamin A weakens membranes of nose and throat—making you more susceptible to colds. Lack of enough Vitamin A can also result in serious skin and eye disorders. Fleischmann's Yeast added to your regular diet helps keep you supplied with Vitamin A.

Too Little Vitamin G means poor growth

Weak, thin, irritable children are often found to be poorly supplied with Vitamin G, the GROWTH VITAMIN. Every growing child should receive a generous supply of this vitamin regularly to assure the proper development of body tissues and lay a foundation for future good health. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes a day.



An undersupply of Vitamin B—the important NERVE VITAMIN—results in weakened nerve control, leads to sluggish intestines, distended bowels (see picture above) and fallen stomach.

A daily supply of Vitamin B is important to help keep bowels, intestines, stomach and nerves in normal, healthy condition. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast gives you a sure supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest foods in this NERVE VITAMIN.

RED ROLFE— husky Third Baseman of the Yankees—has the strong physique and untiring energy that show he gets his full share of these 4 health-building vitamins.

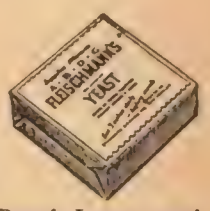
COUNTLESS PEOPLE today are victims of chronic ill health because their meals do not provide *enough* of these 4 essential vitamins, A, B, D and G. A shortage of even *one* of them can undermine vitality.

But, by adding one SPECIAL food to your ordinary diet, you can be sure of getting a regular EXTRA supply of these 4 vitamins so necessary to good health.

That one food is FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST. It is the *only* food that furnishes such an abundant supply of *all 4* of these vitamins at *once!*

Eat 3 cakes daily—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D *and* G



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HONEYMOON

READING TIME

27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Connie would sit on the floor and pull and tack.

CONNIE HUNT turned from the dressing table, lipstick in hand, and said, " Oh, Jeffrey, suppose they don't *like* me! "

Her husband appeared in the doorway to the bathroom. He had been about to shave. " I couldn't hear you," he said. " The water was running."

" I said, suppose they don't like me. Your friends."

He smiled at her. " They're nice people," he said, " and not morons. So they're sure to be crazy about you."

" Are you *sure?* " Connie frowned a little, and then asked, " Did you ever see a bowl of whipped cream smile? That's what you look like, all lathery."

" You look funny yourself, with only half a mouth."

Connie turned back to the mirror and smoothed the lipstick on her lower lip. Jeff watched her for a moment. He loved to watch her hands move. He loved the solemn, almost forbidding way she bent her round little head down and peered at herself, as if life depended on her finding some flaw to remedy on her fresh glowing face. He loved her youth, her prettiness, her honey-colored hair with its two endearing curls at the nape of her neck, her straight blunt nose, her pale eyebrows stretching like narrow wings over her reddish brown eyes—the things he loved about Connie would constitute an endless list, he thought, and meanwhile his face was getting stiff under the lather. He turned back into the bathroom to finish his shaving.

As he stood before his mirror later, tying his tie, he said suddenly to Connie, " It isn't whether the crowd will like you. It's whether you'll like them. They're—well, you see, we're all a lot older than you."

" Oh—me, I like everybody."

" Mrs. Fawkes especially, I suppose? "

Connie giggled. Every one from Rockville either swore or laughed at the mention of Mrs. Fawkes's name, depending on the distance—either figuratively or real—that lay between them and the lady's voluble interferences. Jeff and Connie had both spent their childhood in Rockville; but Jeff, by virtue of preparatory schools, college, and his stubborn maleness, had avoided ever being taken under Mrs. Fawkes's questing wings. Connie had grown up under them.

Mrs. Fawkes was childless and Connie had been orphaned at an early age. Mrs. Fawkes, widowed, lived alone and just across the street from the house where Connie lived with an invalid aunt and an absent-minded uncle. Connie was pretty and popular. Mrs. Fawkes loved what she always called " these young things " and was self-constituted chaperon, confidante, adviser, and organizer of the youth of Rockville. The setup had been perfect, and Connie doomed. Mrs. Fawkes had been shocked when Will Hunt's oldest boy—the one who was a lawyer in New York—had come home on a two-weeks visit, seen Connie grown up, and taken her away with him; but she tried hard to give the impression that she had arranged the match herself.

The Author of That Distinguished Novel, Follow the Furies, Writes a Searching Story of a 'Child-Wife' Who Found She Wanted to Grow Up

" But you know," Connie said now to Jeff, " I really am fond of her. If I just don't have to *see* her again, ever."

" You won't. That's one of the best features of living in New York. You can choose the people you want to see, and the hours for seeing them, and stick to it. If you say over the telephone that you're just going out or away, they can't drive past your windows and prove you a liar."

Connie agreed, and as they finished dressing she chattered to Jeff about the manifold delights of living in New York. Rockville, with its forty-one thousand inhabitants, already seemed, after seventeen days, a charming outgrown memory. She loved the anonymous sensation New York gave her, and confessed to Jeff that she had that morning been almost irresistibly tempted to turn cart wheels all the way across Fifth Avenue just because no one would have known who she was or asked her why she was doing it. She loved the shops, where the smart clothes looked so much smarter than anything in Rockville, and seemed so much cheaper. She planned to educate herself all over again with museums and concerts and theaters and art galleries. Jeff was happy listening to her. He wanted Connie to like New York. In Rockville, or in any small town, the difference in their ages

IN MANHATTAN

by ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON

would make a real complication in their lives; people grew up in sets and continued in their sets through the successive phases of experience. Here in New York age didn't matter.

All the time she chattered, however, Connie was worrying a little about Jeff's friends and whether or not they would like her. She already knew their names. She knew they called themselves the Square Circlers, because it was their custom never to move more than megaphone distance from Washington Square. She knew they regarded Jeff's apartment as their headquarters—"Because I own it, you see," Jeff had explained, "and haven't moved since 1927. The rest of them can hardly remember their own addresses, they move so often, much less each other's."

Connie felt sure that the real reason the Circlers came so often to Jeff's apartment was that Jeff lived in it. Any one, she thought, would be a fool not to go where Jeff was, if they possibly could; and that was the reason it was so important that they should like her and accept her. They had been his constant playmates, now, for years; and inexperienced though she was, Connie knew that a popular bachelor who gets married runs the risk of losing most if not all of his friends. She determined that she would not be the usual kind of bride—insisting on having things exactly as she wanted them and ignoring the pattern of life she had married into.

Jeff's friends were charming to her. They were all charming to Jeff. They were all exceedingly at home. They seemed to take Connie instantly for granted as a person, and as Jeff's bride she was spared any comment except from Jim Peters and Eva Fawley.

Jim said, "But it's all a mistake. You're *my* kind of gal, not old Jeff's." And Eva said, "If you make Jeff happy we'll all adore you."

Then Jeff had interrupted by addressing the whole group. "I've got a surprise for you," he announced, and with a flourish he opened the door near the fireplace and took Connie's arm and led the way into a large square room.

"Good Lord," Eddie Davis said. "Look at the nursery!" And every one exclaimed and asked questions, and Jeff said he'd had the decorating done while he and Connie were in Bermuda. "I've been intending to fix this room up for a long time," he explained, "and I thought my child-bride was a good excuse."

While Jeff stood behind the black-and-chromium bar mixing and handing out cocktails, the others wandered about the room, criticizing and admiring. The walls were covered with a shiny yellow paint that was, Jeff assured them, invulnerable to any ill-treatment short of an electric drill. The black-and-silver-checkered floor was of some equally tolerant substance. The leather upholstery on the big chairs and on the deep couch that occupied two of the walls was no leather at all but some synthetic stuff that was endlessly washable. ("Every night," Betty Torrington assured them, "I dip my couchies into soapy suds so they're always fresh and dainty.") The big table, which was regulation ping-pong size, and the four small tables looked like steel and black marble, but turned out to be so

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR EDROP

light that Connie could lift them. The whole room was designed, Jack Fawley said, for carefree fun or drunken brawls, the description depending on the disposition of the observer.

While the Square Circlers accustomed themselves to this new splendor, Jim Peters answered Connie's bewildered question as to why they called the room a nursery.

"That's what it was marked on the plans when Jeff bought the apartment. Own bathroom, you see, lots of light, separated from the other rooms by that passageway—all velvet for a brat and would even hold two of them. We've always used it for a playroom and we go on calling it the nursery because it encourages our high spirits."

Connie was beginning to enjoy herself. Every now and then Jeff would look up suddenly from whatever he was doing and look at her until he felt sure she had seen as deep into his eyes as his message lay. The message was always the same: "I love you and I'm going to take care of you." For years no one except Mrs. Fawkes had taken much care of Connie, and to her surprise she found the idea pleasing.

By the time they went in to dinner she had every one's name and face identified into the beginnings of a personality. There were seven of the Square Circlers besides Jeff—the Fawleys, the Torringtons, the Davises, and Jim Peters. The three married couples were all in their thirties, except for Eddie Davis, who was forty-three and trying to ignore the fact. Eddie looked very prosperous and pleased with life. When Jeff had boasted of the new walls Eddie had said, "Swell! I love to throw food!" and had wound up to pitch his canapé at the gleaming yellow surface. Betty Torrington had drawled, "Watch the village cutup," and Eddie, unwinding and putting the canapé into his mouth, had said to Connie, "You'll soon get used to me; I'm an absolute card."

Connie laughed with the others but privately decided that truth had been spoken. . . . Eddie's wife was the Circlers' beauty. She had a soft withdrawn look and her dark loveliness seemed to promise profundities and subtleties; but she was really placid and amiable and had only enough intelligence to realize that she was better to look at than to listen to. Either Eddie or Viola without the other would have been very commonplace; it was their incongruity as a couple that made them piquant.

WHERE the Davises looked as if life had smoothed off all the sharp edges, the Torringtons looked angular and modernistic, as if their faces had been carved out especially to top their clothes. Ralph Torrington was nervous and had a rather attractive little stammer that gave an illusion of significance to what he said, as if he were not quite sure he ought to tell you this but had decided to risk it. Betty, his wife, was the wit of the group. She needed wit, Connie decided, because she couldn't compete with Viola in looks nor with Eva Fawley in charm.

Eva was good-looking in a careless way. Betty Torrington, who would have looked well dressed in a gunny sack, often complained that the best custom-made frock in the world would fail to fit Eva. But she had her own effectiveness, and a manner that suggested she had just been through a romantic and perhaps tragic crisis, and that it had left her distrait but not exhausted, sad but eager for new experience to take the place of something precious she had just sacrificed. Neither the events of her life nor her husband justified this impression. Jack Fawley was quiet and secure-looking; he had a kind, pleasant voice and understanding eyes. He was the only one of the Circlers who didn't wear an invisible but legible label and live up to it: Eddie—just a big overgrown boy. Viola—*objet d'art.* Ralph—sidewalk faun. Betty—court jester. Eva—romantic femininity. Jeff— Connie paused. They called him "good old Jeff," which probably meant they agreed with Connie in thinking him the nicest person in the world. She wondered very much what type she herself was and what she would contribute to the group.

That became apparent after dinner, when the nursery was noisy with talk and games and drink had reassured the Circlers of their unanimity. Eddie Davis, always conscious of the fact that he was the oldest member of the group, had started it by announcing, "I want to say, here and now, that I like Jeff's girl, whether she's reached the age of consent or not, and I, personally, am going to take her under my wing and see that Jeff gives her her oatmeal when she needs it, and strains her spinach properly, and all the rest of it." There were cries of assent and approval and Eddie raised his voice to continue: "*And* I'm going to protect her from that notorious seducer and lady-killer, Jim Peters."

Jim, who had avoided entanglements with women all his life by always making love to a roomful of them at a time, preferably with their husbands witnessing, now smiled enigmatically at Connie, and the rest of the Circlers laughed more than Eddie's speech warranted and began building up the theme as if there were some note in it that had been secretly preoccupying them all the evening.

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AND something had. As an almost closed circle of friends they were unconsciously fearful of having the delicate balance of emotion that held them together disturbed. They had made adjustments to each other's idiosyncrasies that might, if a new personality were introduced, prove inadequate or even mistaken. All evening they had been trying harder than usual to play their accustomed parts in the Circle, to live up more exhaustively to their labels. All evening they had been clustering their thoughts around Jeff, as if they could force him to be their Jeff and not Connie's husband. And in addition they had all been disturbed by Connie's prettiness. She was not beautiful, like Viola; nor piquant, like Betty; nor arresting, like Eva. But she was so young!

They all suddenly had realized what their long association had protected them from thinking about—that they were no longer young. They were acutely conscious, in their respective ways, of minute lines around the eyes, of not quite firm chins, of thin spots on top of the head or receding hairlines, of defects in their figures, of what they had planned in their young days to have achieved before now and of the inadequacy of the actual achievement. It happened that none of these people had children. They were unaccustomed to the reminding effect youth has on the pattern of an adult's life. So they had been faintly troubled by Connie's smooth forehead, her shining eyes, her skin that looked so alive and new.

Now Eddie had given them a clue to the way out. They could fit Connie in by exaggerating her youth to absurdity. They could make a pet of her—a sort of mascot. It was at once a way of giving her a place all her own among them, complete with label, and of discounting any importance she might have had as a threatener of balance. Connie—the baby.

Again Jeff felt happiness as he listened to Ralph stammering a promise to take Connie to the zoo every Saturday afternoon; as Betty promised to listen solemnly to all her little secrets; as Jack Fawley asked her which she liked better, Peter Rabbit or The Tale of Mrs. Tiggywinkle; as Eddie demanded a piece of chalk so he and Connie could at once play hopscotch on the shiny black and silver squares of the new floor.

Jeff had been a serious young man. He had wanted to be the best lawyer in New York; he had wanted to shoulder the future in some effective fashion; and the effort had kept him cautious and concentrated on work during

the boom years when life had looked increasingly lavish and hard to regulate. Then the depression had come along and in some odd way enlivened him. For the first time since he had left college, he felt that life had slowed down enough so that he could tackle and master it. He relaxed and began to make friends, and with the Square Circlers he had learned to be gay and irresponsible as a way of dealing with the world's mood of insecurity.

Now, as he watched Connie losing that shy quiet manner she'd had all evening, watched her getting intoxicated with gaiety and success, he vowed again, as he had vowed a few weeks before when he had fallen in love with Connie, that he would devote himself to her youth. She was, of course, not the child they were pretending she was, but she was young enough to need fun. He would give it to her.

DURING the next three years Connie's letters to Rockville were ecstatically scrawled lists of her activities, with brief apologies and promises that as soon as the unusual rush she was in had subsided she would write a real letter. But the real letters never got written, and now and then Connie admitted that the rush was not only usual but habitual. She was almost ideally happy, and still romantically in love with Jeff. Jeff, for his part, thought Connie the loveliest woman in New York, told her so constantly, laughed indulgently and proudly at her enthusiasm, encouraged her in extravagance, and did everything he could to change her from a responsible unsophisticated young woman into a vain frivolous girl.

The Square Circlers helped him in spoiling her. Connie took childlike pleasure in the knowledge that she could meet such worldly and mature people on their own terms. Being their friend made her feel experienced and disillusioned, a feeling precious to any one under twenty-five. The Circlers, in turn, took comfort in the reassurance Connie's companionship gave them—reassurance that they were still irresponsible and attractive and not at all old. Nowadays, they frequently told themselves, the barriers of age were not only down but gone completely. The women assured each other that they really didn't look any older than Connie, and the men basked in Connie's frequent references to the callow clumsiness of very young men. In gratitude they all teased Connie and flattered her and put her in the center of the circle.

Connie played up to the picture of the spoiled child. Her original desire to be a responsible housewife gradually became a whimsical game in which the apartment was a lavish doll's house and Connie the little girl whose bursts of activity were terribly amusing, and Mattie continued to run the apartment just as she had during Jeff's bachelorhood. Mattie was one of the Circlers' favorite legends and had been made their honorary presi-

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE CAPTAIN'S EXPERIENCE
CAPTAIN, I'VE ENJOYED THIS WINTER VACATION AND I'VE ENJOYED YOUR YARNS BESIDES, WE BOTH BELONG TO THE BIG P.A. BROTHERHOOD
YES, I'M A CONFIRMED PRINCE ALBERT FAN - AND FOR A MIGHTY GOOD REASON TOO
SEVERAL YEARS AGO, DURING A WEST INDIAN HURRICANE, A HUGE WAVE SWEPT OUR DECK-LOAD OF LUMBER AND ME, TOO, OVERBOARD. CLINGING TO A LARGE PLANK, I FINALLY GOT SAFELY TO A DESERTED ISLAND
IN ANOTHER COVE, I CAME UPON A SMALL FREIGHTER, ABANDONED AND HALF AWASH. I WENT ABOARD TO SALVAGE SOME STORES.
I RAFTED ASHORE A GOOD PILE OF BOXES, BARRELS, AND CRATES — ABOUT HALF OF THEM WERE NO USE TO ME AT ALL — BUT ONE OF THEM TURNED OUT TO BE A MOST FORTUNATE FIND
IT CONTAINED PRINCE ALBERT! I SOON FASHIONED MYSELF A PIPE — AND SETTLED DOWN WITH P.A. TO WAIT FOR A RESCUING SHIP
I HAD NO MAN 'FRIDAY' LIKE CRUSOE, BUT I DIDN'T LACK FOR PLEASANT COMPANY WITH PRINCE ALBERT TO SOLACE ME. AND THAT BOND BETWEEN ME AND PRINCE ALBERT HAS NEVER BEEN BROKEN

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dent, and she proved herself, in regard to Connie, the perfect servant the legend made her out. She took to Connie at once, adopted Jeff's attitude toward her, and helped him spoil her.

When, occasionally, an article on food in a magazine would inspire Connie with a desire to cook (" Mrs. Jeffrey Hunt is one of those amazing young women who frequently slip a gay little apron over their loveliest dinner dresses and exercise their flair for recondite herbs and mysterious seasonings in the kitchen "), Mattie would show herself an honest member of the Square Circle, making a great fuss over her simple successes and a funny story out of her failures.

Once when Connie decided to reupholster a chair—unaided save by some instructions cut out of a newspaper —the project became a two-months joke for the whole group. Every gathering became a chair party, during which Connie would for a time sit on the floor and earnestly cut and pull and tack for the admiring Circlers; and the chair, when it was finally pronounced finished, was so uproarious-looking that Eddie Davis poured a cocktail over its peculiar surface and christened it Child's Work Project Number One. It was put in a place of honor in the nursery; and sometimes when Connie looked at it she realized that she could have done the job perfectly well if she hadn't felt under pressure to be endearingly inept and botch it.

BUT although Connie was happy there were moments when intimations of unhappiness crept through her thoughts, not seen but casting shadows. Uneasy thoughts about the lack of purpose in her life, about a future she could picture only in terms of the present. Uneasy thoughts about her ignorance when she found herself skipping through the morning paper, avoiding everything that referred to politics and economics; or when she realized there was not much profit in going, say, to an exhibition of Italian Renaissance paintings, when she knew nothing about either Italy or the Renaissance, and for that matter nothing about painting. But there never seemed to be time for studying, and although Jeff was spending more and more time at his office, trying to finance his very expensive marriage, the Square Circlers saw to it that Connie was seldom left alone to brood over the inadequacies of her life.

Almost every day Eva or Betty or Viola had something to do that Connie thought would be fun. All of them spent hours every week at beauty parlors, trying to keep themselves thin, or supple, or nonacid, or simply beautiful. They were all, without realizing it, under a tremendous pressure to be physically perfect—a pressure made up partly of the force of advertising, even the kind of advertising they made fun of, partly of the debilitating effects of city life, and partly of the social necessity for being ornamental because they could not be useful. Connie felt the same pressure, and began anticipating wrinkles, lusterless skin, crepy throat, and other horrid badges of maturity, by spending a large part of her time letting experts take preventive measures against them.

Meantime the exhaust fumes which in New York pass for fresh air, the distant roar which passes for quiet, late hours and other dissipations were making lotions and creams really necessary. Connie lost her childish bloom and began to look merely young. But the Square Circlers ignored the fact and continued to treat her as if she had just got her second teeth.

Jeff was beginning to tell himself

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that if only he weren't so tired he would be the happiest man alive. The trouble was that he was always tired. He began to feel that nothing would ever rest him again, and he went about business and recreation in a fog of exhaustion that only black coffee and alcohol could keep from descending to smother him. He had begun taking work that would pay well instead of work that was interesting in itself or work that offered fresh legal problems. He still told himself that as soon as he got a little ahead he would stop this moneygrubbing and get back in line for being a distinguished lawyer; but he was beginning to realize that every year was putting him a little nearer the debtor line. He was not in debt yet, but any big emergency item would put him there.

Jeff often found himself pursuing the same daydream—one in which all the Square Circlers would have gone away to Europe, to the Coast, to Florida, and he and Connie would spend weeks of evenings sitting quietly, talking or reading. It was such a simple harmless daydream that Jeff always wondered why he felt so uncomfortable when he awakened from it, why he thrust away so sternly the peace it brought him. If he had dared examine this discomfort he would have found just behind it the eternal fear that he was too old for Connie and would soon begin boring her. He would have had to admit to himself that it was getting hard to keep up with so much youth and gaiety, and that now and then, watching Connie, there would flash through his mind an unpardonable desire to have her grow up a little.

. . . . .

It was Betty Torrington's cousin's baby that swept Connie and Jeff into a most unforeseen destiny. The baby was left at Betty's apartment for the afternoon while its mother did some

shopping and its nurse went to the dentist. Betty rang Connie up and begged her to come over: "It has a rattle you'll adore playing with, Connie. Come on—it's time you saw some of your contemporaries."

Connie went. The baby was about ten months old and she supposed its mother found it attractive. To Connie and Betty it was an exasperation and a reproach. They didn't know how to hold it, how to amuse it, how to make it stop crying, or, when the time came, how to change it. They were terrified of handling it, and they were afraid to take their eyes off it for a moment, as if it might explode. The cook was called in to help them, and she too turned out to be inexperienced with children, though not quite so timid and helpless as Connie and Betty.

The Square Circlers dined that night with Connie and Jeff; and Jim Peters, who always noticed such things, noticed that Connie was very quiet and unlike herself. She hardly laughed at all when Betty made a very good story out of their dilemma over the baby. She grew restless as the evening went its customary way from quiet talk over cocktails to riotous gaiety in the nursery. It seemed to her that for the first time in her life she was really thinking, and her thoughts were disturbing. She watched the Square Circlers as if some one had put a microscope in each of her eyes. They were all being so like themselves—even Jeff was being everybody's good old Jeff. Looking at Jeff, Connie grew frightened. This was Jeff's life; these were his friends.

When the Circlers had gone, Jeff took Connie in his arms and asked, "What's worrying my girl tonight?" Connie closed her eyes and said nothing, so Jeff went on: "You look like a sweet little girl who's broken her favorite doll."

Connie pushed Jeff away. Then she turned deliberately and walked over to the door of the nursery, where she stood looking angrily at the litter of ashes, bottles, glasses, and crumpled-up cigarette packages.

"Look at that!" she commanded.

"*Don't* look at it," Jeff advised soothingly. "Leave that indulgence to Mattie."

CONNIE whirled around to look at him. Her chestnut-colored eyes were bright and her unsteady hands were clasped behind her. She was angry because she was frightened.

"A fine kind of *nursery*," she stormed. "A black-and-yellow-and-chromium room where a lot of old people can go on pretending they're children. A room where some day I'll probably be sitting, with wrinkles and false teeth and dyed hair, pounding my little fists for a highball. It's a wonder we don't have modernistic high chairs with little chromium jiggers to let down over our heads!"

Jeff felt as helpless as if Connie had been a strange woman who had suddenly appeared and begun berating him. He stared at her and she went on more quietly.

"We're all parasites," she said. "We haven't got any function in life at all. Look at Eddie. He behaves like the ten-year-old son he hasn't got. Look at Betty—making fun of everything because she knows the life she leads is a joke. And we laugh at her because our lives are jokes and we don't want to remember there's anything so serious it can't be laughed off. Look at *me*—thinking it's cunning to be lazy and incompetent. What *I* ought to be doing is raising a family and running a house well, and instead I play the baby in a black-and-yellow nursery!"

The passionate stream of words began to make sense to Jeff. He asked, mildly and incredulously, "Do you want a baby?"

Connie stood thinking that over for a minute; then she relaxed and laughed. She closed the door to the nursery, quietly, and came back into the room. "I suppose I do," she said; "but it isn't so much wanting it as not wanting to go on the way we are."

"Darling," Jeff said, and pulled her down beside him in a big chair. "I thought you were happy. Honestly I did."

"I have been. But, Jeff—don't you see there isn't any future? Just moving to a bigger place, or having more money so we can buy more things—that's all we're living for."

"I'm living for you, Connie."

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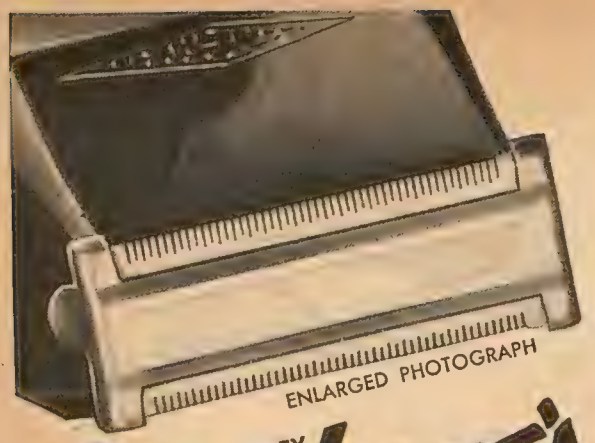
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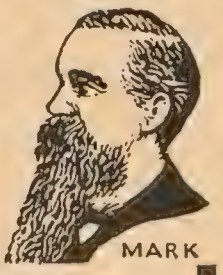
TRADE

HOT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Connie looked up at him. "It's all right *now*, darling, but think how silly I'll be in twenty years."

"You won't be silly."

"Your child-wife," she murmured. "Nothing to do except have fun. And that's very aging, so I'll have a career cut out for me in working on my face and figure so I can go *on* looking young—only I won't fool any one except myself. Mattie will run the apartment; but now and then, when we come in late, I can scramble some eggs. And you'll work yourself to death at an early age, and then I'll retire to a residential hotel and go to matinees with all the other widows I'll know. And when I die nobody on earth will notice it except some undertaker."

Jeff didn't laugh. After a moment he said: "Of course I've always hoped to have children. When you look a long way ahead there doesn't seem much point in struggling through life without adding something to it. But just now—they're so damned expensive!"

"I know," Connie agreed dreamily. She lay back against Jeff's shoulder and stared at the ceiling. "Especially in New York, where you have to pay a fortune for every sunbeam that lights on them and every spoonful of fresh air they breathe. They ruin your figure, too, and interfere with your pleasures. You're always worrying about them. They use up all the extra money you've got and a lot you haven't. They need specialists and nurses and schools. They have to have their eardrums punched and their teeth straightened. They insist on having tonsils and adenoids. I don't think there's a thing to be said for them. But I've just realized how bad it is for people not to have them."

"I BELIEVE maybe we could afford one, darling."

"Mattie will leave. She likes high life, not domesticity. The Square Circlers won't have any nursery to make whoopee in. We'll have to do without a lot of things we're used to having and we won't be able to go out much."

Jeff suddenly remembered his daydream. "Do you mean," he asked wistfully, "that you wouldn't mind—staying at home with me, I mean, and having things dull? You're so young, Connie."

"But I'm not going to *stay* young, darling. That's the point. I don't like the idea of getting old and stuffy, and maybe I won't get stuffy; but anything's better than trying to stay young in a black-and-yellow-and-chromium nursery."

Jeff laughed. "We'll do it up in blue and white."

"Jeff—"

Jeff kissed away her frown and asked, "What?"

"Have you answered your uncle's letter yet—about going into his law firm?"

"No."

"Well—how about saying yes?"

"Good Lord! You don't mean go back to Rockville!"

"Yes. Why not?"

Jeff remembered the many times he had gloomily told himself that being a lawyer in New York meant specializing in one kind of case and forgetting all one knew about law in general. Then he looked at Connie and said, "But — good Lord, darling! You love New York so. And—think of Rockville!"

"Of course I love New York. But we could come here on sprees once a year —and look forward to it the rest of the time."

"And then, just as we started for the station, little Connie would come down with the mumps."

"Sure," Connie agreed; "and then we'd unpack."

Jeff sat for a moment in bewildered silence. Then Connie said, "You don't suppose any of the Circlers are out there eavesdropping, do you? Well, then, listen —the Middleton house is for sale. It has a big yard with oak trees. It has seven bedrooms and three bathrooms, and a sleeping porch off the nursery. I could wave to you every morning when you went to work, like the women in advertisements, instead of listening to you get shut into an elevator. Food's cheap in Rockville. And the sun shines and you don't have to pay for fresh air, and my old nurse would leave her present job like a shot. And you'd be the leading lawyer of Rockville. Wouldn't that be fun?"

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON

says her favorite indoor sport is talking and in the same breath tells of being an accomplice in the writing of five plays. Destroyed her first novel but luckily let The Burning Fountain live. Born in West Virginia, she now lives in Louisville, Kentucky.

Jeff sat for a moment, holding Connie close. Then he asked, "How did you know the Middleton house is up for sale?"

"Mrs. Fawkes wrote to me."

Jeff looked down at Connie's tranquil young face and said, "You know, life in a small town is just as arduous as it is here."

"Arduous about real things, though."

Jeff valiantly gave her a last chance. "Mrs. Fawkes," he reminded her, "will worry you to death."

Connie's voice was as tranquil as her face. "*Life* will worry us to death," she said, "and we'll love it!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS — *by* OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **MANSIONS IN THE CASCADES** by Anne Shannon Monroe and Elizabeth L. Wood. The Macmillan Company.

An engrossing account of camping and adventure in the mountains of Oregon; with a message that one can always climb the heights if one has the courage.

★★★ **FILE ON BOLITHO BLANE;** Written by Dennis Wheatley; Planned by J. G. Links. William Morrow & Co.

A novelty in detective fiction. Instead of a book it is a dossier of seemingly typewritten pages in which photographs, special reports, telegrams, and even exhibits such as human hair and burnt matchsticks are included. The plot is well constructed and only a smart reader will be able to name the criminal before opening the sealed package at the finish. Its defect is that the interest is intellectual, not dramatic.

★★★ **ASPECTS OF WILDE** by Vincent O'Sullivan. Henry Holt & Company.

An understanding and human study of the Prince of Aesthetes which deprives Wilde of the halo of martyrdom and also of the miasmic aura which has surrounded his last days ever after Frank Harris published his unkind biography. George Bernard Shaw welcomes this book. The author was a friend but not an intimate of Oscar Wilde.

★★★ **STAGE DOOR** by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A play in three acts by the authors of those other hits, The Royal Family and Dinner at Eight. About the ups and downs of girls in the show business, and the only one who wins in the end.

★★★ **AN AMERICAN TESTAMENT** by Joseph Freeman. Farrar & Rinehart.

The exceedingly well written autobiography of one of our leading, if misled, "parlor pinks." With interesting flashes of other pinks and, at times, "vermilions."

★★★ **THE COURT OF FAIR MAIDENS** by Wilhelm Speyer. Simon & Schuster.

A full-flavored historical novel of spirited men and beautiful German women during the Napoleonic era. Mellow, charming, satisfying.

★★½ **SURGICAL CALL** by Margaret Sangster. Greenberg: Publisher.

The story of Charity Standish, a woman doctor, who knew what she wanted when she had to choose between love and her profession.

★★ **THE PAGEANT OF PERSIA** by Henry Filmer. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Here, in the form of a journey through Persia, is an appreciation of that country's history, its philosophy, architecture, literature, and general culture. While not thorough, it is quite readable.

★★ **UPPER CASE** by Mollie Merrick. Ives Washburn.

Quick and plotty with newspaper and detective work and yet has enough romance to lure readers who usually avoid mystery thrillers.

LOOK!

If you think this black, tarry sludge-filled oil will do the same lubricating job as the clean high-grade oil you originally put in your crankcase, you may be headed toward some bad luck.

The manufacturers that protect their engines with a Purolator Oil Filter don't think so. They know how dirt, and grit, and hard carbon, and small metal particles can score and damage closely fitted moving parts... So they install a filter that keeps the oil clean as it circulates...and it's up to you to keep that filter in service.

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LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

These Fighting Lessons Will Help Any Man

Sadder but Wiser, One Who Learned and Lost Tells You the Tale of His Awakening

by

JOE LOUIS

as told to

GENE KESSLER

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WE learn best the hard way—by taking it—as Max Schmeling proved to me the night of June 19, 1936, in the Yankee Stadium ring. Throughout my brief professional fistic career Managers John Roxborough and Julian Black and Trainer Jack Blackburn have stressed the importance of avoiding overconfidence. Yet I let it catch up with me.

Up to now I have refused to say anything about the Schmeling fight because I was afraid it would sound like an alibi. I am writing this so that the truth may be known and the blame placed where it belongs—upon my own broad shoulders.

I entered training camp at Lakewood, New Jersey, with the idea that I was going to do a lot of hard work for nothing. I thought I could name the punch which would knock out Schmeling; that he was a soft touch.

Then things started going wrong, and now I realize it was my overconfidence backfiring. At first I was indifferent about sparring. I boxed with that "What's the use?" attitude. Newspaper experts naturally criticized. Some said I had slipped back. Others said the four months of idleness had taken its toll. One even went so far as to say that "a married Joe Louis has lost his effectiveness." That burned me up. I decided to show them. And did.

Instead of gradually working up to the physical peak, as in other conditioning sessions, I began bearing down, pouring leather misery into mates and melting off weight. I could take off weight easy enough, but couldn't put it back on. That was weakening.

Out on the road at seven in the morning for six miles, I always run off about four pounds. Then I drink fruit juices, eat prunes and toast, and return to bed for three more hours of sound sleep, during which I usually restore the lost weight. But at Lakewood the pounds evaporated for keeps. A month of roughing it in the mountains at Lafayetteville, New York, had given me something to work down, as I entered camp scaling 216 pounds; but after melting down to 204 two weeks before gongtime, this condition became alarming to Roxborough, Black, and Blackburn.

Twice Manager Roxborough chased me from the golf course where I was boiling out unnecessarily under a torrid sun. That provoked me at the time, as I was enjoying golf. Once I told him that I was twenty-two and big enough to take care of myself, and I was sorry for the remark. Mr. Roxborough was dead right. My golf on the parched fairways of Lakewood with an important fight at hand did me no good. I took off eighteen pounds in five weeks—too rapid reducing for any one.

Schmeling, a wise old ring general, outsmarted me from the beginning. I had seen movies of his fight with Young Stribling. In that battle Max took the aggressive, weaving under Strib's jabs and crouching enough to make him a target for uppercuts. So I began polishing a left hook and right uppercut, the punches I figured would finish him. Then the usual training-camp grapevine began trickling. Schmeling learned of my scheme. Immediately he began absorbing left jabs—too easily, I now realize, for a former champion. Mediocre heavyweights, such as Heinz Kohlhaus, were poking his face red with straight lefts.

One distinguished boxing expert, who usually calls 'em right, told me: "You can left-jab Schmeling off balance and stop him any time you bolt over your right." I believed him. My first left jab had driven a tooth through Max Baer's gums and numbed him for the kill. If the German was wide open for a jab, why, I didn't contemplate any trouble.

But Blackburn was wary. He had me work on the jab plenty, but he gave me a warning which should have saved me a lot of misery. "Schmeling might be trying to trick us," he said. "You know he's got only one dangerous punch, his right hand. He may want you to lead with the jab in hopes you'll drop your left arm and he can pitch his right over your shoulder." Little did we realize Chappie was calling the turn.

I was putting on full steam in sparring whirls. Experts who had criticized me now declared I had whipped myself into the best condition of my career. The Sunday before the fight, which was postponed from Thursday to Friday, I made Salvatore Ruggerillo, a right-hand socker with style similar to Schmeling's, quit after one round. Other mates wilted under my glove fire. I was rippling with power and I weighed 201 before entering the ring that day, my best fighting weight. I was at the peak five days too soon.

My managers and trainers decided to do something about it. They arranged a deep-sea fishing excursion, expecting me to relax for a day and regain some weight. At the boat I revolted again. I decided I wanted to play a round of golf with Joe Williams, a New York sports editor, so I left the fishing party at the wharf, went back to the baked fairways, and burned up more energy.

Now, get this straight: I never dissipated in any way while in camp. I trained, but what training!

When we left Lakewood Thursday morning, June 18, taking a lazy motor trip to the New York train, my muscles were taut. I didn't think much of it at the time, but now I realize that I left my punch behind in training camp. I was hard as nails but drawn finer than the hair on a seal's back.

It was pouring rain when we arrived in New York, and a postponement was inevitable. Somehow I welcomed it. When I stepped on the official scales at the Hippodrome, I hadn't boxed for two days, yet I tipped the beam at only 198, at least three pounds under what we had planned.

This was a new experience for me.

So much has been said about my actions in New York the night of the postponement that I will recount them briefly: I lounged about our hotel until evening, had dinner, and spent the balance of the time playing cards with my managers and trainers and talking with newspapermen.

When overconfidence—and Max Schmeling's right—caught up with Joe Louis.

Blackburn expected me to put on some weight overnight, but, strangely, that was impossible, and I entered the ring weighing 198½ pounds.

Schmeling didn't come out punching or weaving. He just leaned back, almost off balance, with his chin buried behind a high left shoulder and his left arm stuck up like the Statue of Liberty. He was using that left merely as a chin blockade. His right was cocked, held tightly against his shoulder. He was easy to jab, as I had been informed. And I went to work.

Now, I always follow Blackburn's instructions, and he hasn't given me the wrong dope yet. "Don't try to knock him out in the first round," he warned just before the gong. "Keep your left arm high and keep jabbing him off balance so he can't wheel that right."

I jabbed him until his eye was almost closed in the opening round and I kept my arm too high for counters. He had no shot at my button in that session. It was easy enough—probably too easy. I even overlooked the fact that he was holding his left so high his body was wide open for a right-hand sock over the heart. I did notice he was open for a left hook.

Returning to my corner after that opening heat, I grinned inwardly. "This is the easiest fight I've ever had," I told Blackburn. "I can nail him any time with a left hook."

"Now, don't get foolish," warned my sapient trainer. "He ain't hit you yet 'cause you've kept your left arm high. Now keep right on jabbing him with a high left. Don't go dropping that arm for a hook—not for three more rounds yet."

THEN I disobeyed orders from Blackburn for the first and, I'm sure, the last time. I can't understand why I did it; just one of those things you do and feel sorry for later. The second round started like the first ended. I riveted Max's face with three more successive jabs. But my punches weren't taking hold as usual. Jolts that had stunned Baer weren't chilling the German. I decided to drop in a hook. He was open for it. So I lowered my left to drive in a finishing blow and, quick as lightning, Schmeling stepped in with a galvanic right-hand thrust that caught the vulnerable spot of my chin. A fog came over my eyes. Everything turned hazy. I was out on my feet, and the German antagonist never let me regain full consciousness, although I was strong enough to stand in there and absorb some seventy right-hand smashes before going out in the twelfth. That one mistake of dropping my left and disobeying Blackburn's orders punctured a bubble I had ballooned with overconfidence, cost me a crack at the world's championship last fall, and at least $200,000 in purses. It was an expensive experience, but maybe it was worth the price.

I didn't hear the second-round closing bell, and Blackburn says I dropped my guard and started for my corner several seconds too soon. I guess I was acting on instinct only. I do know this: two right-hand cracks draped my chin at the outset of the third spasm and seemed to clear my head momentarily. I tore into Schmeling then, but my punches lacked the old zip.

I knew I was down several times, but wasn't sure just how many or when. Manager Black, who was in my corner with Blackburn, says I hit the canvas first in the fourth, then got up and tore into the German viciously. "I thought you would finish him then," he said. "But your punches had no steam."

As rounds progressed my jaw began to puff up like a medicine ball and my punch grew weaker. I faintly recollect hearing Referee Arthur Donovan warn me one time to keep my punches up.

In the tenth I seemed to regain my senses. I began punching out at Schmeling, and when my blows failed to drop him, I became annoyed. Near the close of the eleventh session, I was nailed by a series of hard shot-put rights, and I do not know what happened in the twelfth except that I was dragged to my corner, helpless. Blackburn said I tore after Max, drove him to the ropes, and he swung a long right that rocked me back on my heels. Several more rights brought me down.

When we reached the dressing room I asked: "Did I hit him low?"

"Yes," spoke up Roxborough; "several of your left hooks went astray."

"Go over to Schmeling's dressing room," I told Roxborough, "and tell him I'm sorry. Tell him I didn't know what I was doing and didn't hit him low intentionally."

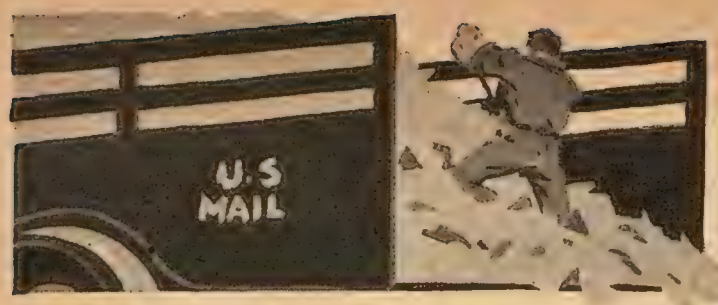
When Roxborough returned, he said: "Schmeling was nice about it. He said he realized you did not hit low intentionally and that none of the foul blows hurt."

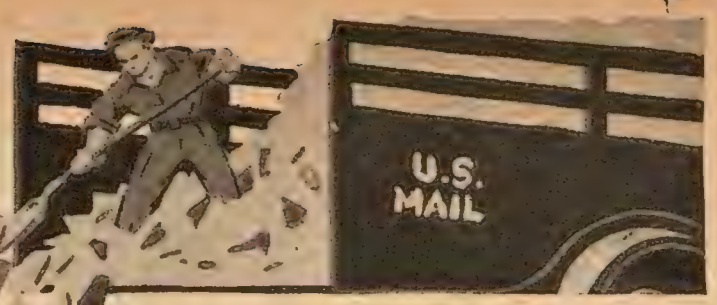
It was a relief to know Schmeling felt that way about it. I didn't want any one to think I hit low intentionally.

Schmeling was much the better man in that fight. He outsmarted and outpunched me. Maybe he'll do it again. I only hope I'll get another match with him so I can prove I learned my lesson—from Schmeling.

THE END

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 12 SECONDS





FAN-MAIL *Champions*— The Movies' Barometer of Destiny

Your Letters Rule the Fortunes of the Stars — and Here's the Score of the All-Time Leaders

by CLARA BERANGER

THE average movie fan is a letter-writing fiend. Not content with seeing actors on the screen, he or she—usually she—wants to know what they eat and wear, how they sleep, whom they love, and why.

"Why do the stars put up with it?" you may ask. I'll try to explain.

Before sound, an all-time high in fan mail was reached by Clara Bow, with John Gilbert and Valentino ranking next. Letters addressed to Valentino still drift to the studio.

From as reliable figures as I can gather in all the studios, the top boy today is Robert Taylor. He has eclipsed Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy, and Ramon Novarro.

Dick Powell heads Warner Brothers' list, followed in order by Ruby Keeler, Errol Flynn, Kay Francis, and Joan Blondell, who ties Olivia de Havilland. At Metro, Jean Harlow leads, hard pressed by Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer—though no one knows about the elusive Garbo's mail. At Twentieth Century-Fox it's Shirley Temple, with Warner Baxter tops for adults. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers lead RKO, followed by Katharine Hepburn. At Paramount Claudette Colbert inches out Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich, and among the men Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, and Fred MacMurray practically tie. At Universal Margaret Sullavan leads over Boris Karloff and Buck Jones, who break even.

Stars know, and executives know, that screen success depends largely on a pleasing personality, and that it is the fans who have to be pleased. Often they are more shrewd in their judgment than the studios. A famous stage artist may be tested and engaged by a picture company. But he may fail with picture audiences: reasons unknown and unknowable. Then along comes a Mister or Miss Nobody out of nowhere who in one brief scene registers and clicks.

Although fan letters can occasionally be used as a racket, they are on the whole honest and unsolicited expressions of opinion. Actors have been known to organize "fan clubs" for themselves to encourage the writing of laudatory letters; but today there are hundreds of authentic fan clubs. The Fan Club Federation in New York City acts as their parent organization and clearing house.

If a star makes a hit in a particular picture, his club or clubs will immediately demand an equally good part for his next vehicle. If the studio attempts to get out of a contract, the clubs will demand that the contract be renewed. An organized boycott is not entirely unknown. Likewise, any fancied grievance or slight misstep on a star's part may bring from his club wholesale condemnation, which occasionally amounts to sheer malice; and the star has no weapon with which to fight back.

You see now how much power can be wielded by fans and fan clubs. Hollywood recognizes that the movies are particularly the theater of the people. And the progressive improvement of pictures would seem to indicate that the people's influence has been healthy.

To find the reasons why fans wrote so profusely, I read hundreds of their letters to the stars. I found that while many were decidedly romantic and gushy, the great majority revealed a desire to find out at firsthand what the deity was like.

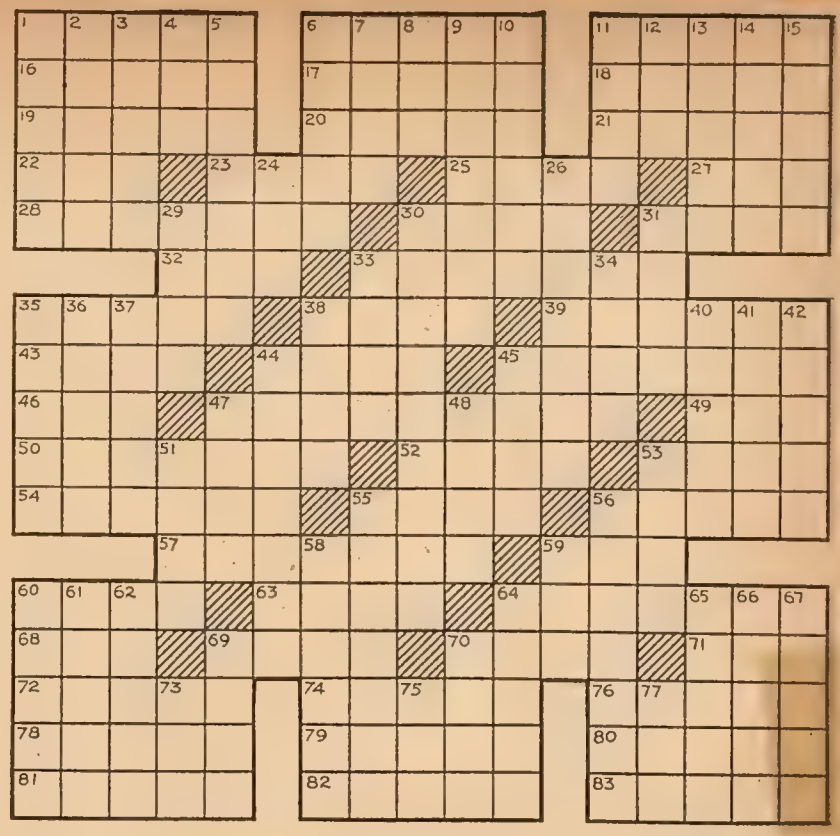
Isn't just plain inquisitiveness the keynote of our era? I asked myself.

If we open any national magazine, we find what is called a "personality article." If we examine the lists of best sellers, we see full-length biographies. And if we look over our theatrical programs for the past few years, we notice how many of the hits were psychoanalytical portraits.

We are inquisitive about the inner man largely because the outer forms of existence are so standardized and impersonal. Inwardly each of us is unique, and the rest of us want to know in what direction the originality lies. That's the real explanation, I think, for the success of biographical books and plays—and for fan mail.

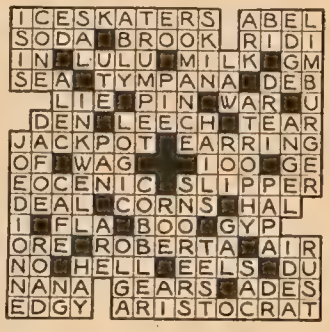
THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Part of a chair
6 Commerce
11 Goaded
16 Commonplace
17 One who governs
18 Esteem
19 Pointed
20 To bury
21 Revolutionary spy
22 To frost
23 An elderly woman
25 Requited
27 Utilize
28 Casts off again
30 To tear
31 Pay attention
32 Part of to be
33 French coin
35 Heavenly bodies
38 Billows
39 A kind of tea
43 Stumble
44 Noise made by a cat
45 A putrefactive alkaloid
46 Combining form: like
47 Predetermine
49 Beverage
50 Kind
52 Man's name
53 A class
54 A succession of things
55 Autocrat
56 Fruit of the pine (pl.)
57 Group of three
59 Hawaiian food
60 To influence
63 Lairs
64 Songs
68 Obscured from view
69 Most commendable
70 Market
71 Cut off
72 A snake
74 A particular kind (pl.)
76 Abscond
78 Tub used in brewing
79 Kind of lyric poem
80 To resume
81 Concluded
82 Hinder
83 Ovules



Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A step
2 Value
3 A citrus fruit (pl.)
4 Devoured
5 Farm machine (pl.)
6 Adjusts
7 Character of old Teutonic alphabet
8 High in the scale
9 Increases the depth of
10 Given to wandering
11 A fish
12 Measure of weight
13 Improper
14 Pertaining to Scandinavia
15 Acquisitive desire
24 A noun suffix signifying action
26 Senseless
29 Stringed instrument
30 Takes into custody again
31 Steering device
33 Combining form: resemblance to wax
34 Heavenly body
35 Term in geology
36 An article of food
37 Helper
38 Entreats
40 Made of a certain grain
41 A kinswoman
42 Small flies
44 Regulate proceedings
45 A brace
47 A dock
48 A wheeled conveyance
51 Municipality
53 Earth
55 A photographic picture taken on a thin iron plate
56 Part of a plow (pl.)
58 Formed a nest for
59 Parity
60 Tremble
61 Give greater breadth to
62 Augmented
64 Meaner
65 Single
66 Drugged
67 Vomits
69 Procreated
70 An inhabitant of ancient Media
73 Woman's name
75 A utensil
77 Sheltered side

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

and I thought college would be fun!
NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!
YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH
RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS!
THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!
NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

GOOD OLD JACK

A Hollywood Masquerade

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TWO extra girls in the movies—Wynne Leroy and Frances Martin—are hiding a strange guest in their tiny apartment. The guest is Jack Halcombe. Jack had been producing films—artistic triumphs though financial flops—on his dad's money, but had gone broke when his old man's fortune hit the skids. When checks began to bounce, he gave a defiant farewell party at his Hollywood home. Wynne came to it. In the midst of the binge, cops arrived. Jack and Wynne did a duck together, and he took refuge in the girls' place.

Wynne and Frances, knowing he speaks Spanish, get an idea: He's to stay with them till he grows a beard. Then he's to step out of their place not as John Halcombe but as Don José Castille, a Spanish actor looking for a movie job. He follows this plan. Later on the girls arrange a screen test for him. Tom Hartz, a studio cameraman, takes the shots. Jack makes the grade. He and Hartz are told to report for work at nine o'clock the next morning.

Celebrating Jack's success, Hartz throws a party at the Trocadero. Both men get plastered. Suddenly Gloria Brown sweeps in. Gloria is a movie star Jack is crazy about, though Wynne and Frances have no use for her. They're disgusted when he dances with her and finally tells her who he really is. He and Tom Hartz spend the night in Gloria Brown's guesthouse. They oversleep, wake up with hang-overs, and reach the studio so late that they find themselves out of jobs. Sadly Jack goes back to the girls' place and breaks the bitter news. Looking through the classified ads, he and Wynne learn that Adele's Beauty Shoppe needs an "attractive male hostess." Without telling the girls, Jack goes after the job. Adele Murphy, who runs the shop, promptly hires him. Trouble looms, for many of Adele's clients are old friends of Jack's. The climax comes when the dignified wife of his former star director steps in. He kisses her hand and says, "Hi, babe—and were you crocked at my party!"

PART SIX—A TIME FOR TACT

THIS from John Halcombe would have been accepted as a thoroughly proper and respectable greeting. This from a spurious-looking Spaniard in a phony doctor's gown was not the same thing at all.

The director's wife started to have what in the '90s were known as the vapors, and began howling for Adele, who came running. Adele didn't like disturbances of any kind in her front office. They didn't look well in the cobalt mirrors. She lit into Jack very much the way he himself used to light into cameramen who wouldn't be artistic enough to suit him. She said, "You've upset our very best client. Is that nice?"

Jack looked at his former star director's wife. He looked at Adele. He caught a glimpse of himself in one of the trick mirrors, and he felt like a fool. He began to laugh at himself—which is a good thing for any man to do—and he said, "Mrs. Webber, I merely meant that

With all the dignity of a counterfeit colonel trying to pay his current income tax with Confederate money, he peeled bills from the roll.

ILLUSTRATION BY

you seemed to be having a good time. After all, my party was meant for people to have a good time at."

Mrs. Webber looked at him coldly. Adele looked at him even more coldly. It penetrated to the working parts of his brain that he was fluffing something. He bent very low over Mrs. Webber's hand and said, "I am so very sorry, madame"—he was laying the Spanish accent on thickly now—"but I have dreamed so often of giving a party and having a celebrated beauty like you come to it that for an instant I must [he said it "moost"] have imagined it was re-al!"

He kissed the hand. Mrs. Webber bought a permanent, a manicure, and a pedicure. Don José Castille got a week's pay in advance.

DON JOSE went, when his long first day was over—it was a long first day for him even though it only began after noon had struck—back to Wynne and Frances. He found them home and completely disgusted with him. Both of them had undergone a curious mental turnabout. It was perfectly obvious to him that neither of them was the least bit glad to see him when he hippety-hopped up the stairs in the jauntiest manner he was capable of and pranced into the living room full of wanting to tell of his successful adventures of the day.

He had heard in his time of men coming home to a wife and not having their efforts fully appreciated and so catching various forms of hell. He had never heard of a man coming home to two wives and having that happen to him, and that seemed to him after a while to be very definitely what was going on. He hadn't realized that these females wanted him to work at a job *they'd* got for him. He hadn't realized that because they'd practically picked him out of the dog pound he belonged to them. He hadn't realized that by going out and getting himself a job he wasn't pleasing them at all.

WILL GRAVEN

Frances met him at the door. She met him and was tough, as was Frances's manner. "So you lost your job! Aren't you ashamed!"

Jack, as always, was a little frightened by Frances; but he managed to say, "No. No, I'm not ashamed at all."

From the bedroom came Wynne's voice—it was tearful: "The so-and-so isn't even ashamed. Throw him out!"

Jack sat down on the sofa.

"You don't have to," he said quite loudly. "I am out."

Frances gave him a look. "Out on your feet," she said. "You've been that way since birth."

"Of course," said Jack, "if you really don't want to hear about my job—"

"We know about it," said Wynne. "You lost it." But she came in and sat down on the sofa. "What do you mean you're out?"

This was the opening Jack had been waiting for. He bowed. He bowed with what he thought was an Old World grace. It didn't give the effect of Old World grace at all. It gave the effect of a waiter passing soup he knows is on the thin side. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I felt I couldn't impose on your hospitality any longer. I have taken an apartment of my own."

For a second both girls stared at him. There was in their look the same fond pitying quality one sometimes sees in the eyes of a mother whose twenty-one-year-old son has just flunked out of grammar school. Presently Wynne said, "I wish you hadn't done that, Jack. Who'd you borrow the money from?"

"I earned it," said Jack. "I got paid my first week's salary at quitting time this afternoon."

"Jack, you're not kidding us, are you? It would be lousy of you to kid us about a thing like that."

"Oh, no," he said. "I told you this morning I was going out and get a job. I did."

"My God!" said Frances. "How could you? You don't know how to do anything. What *is* this job?"

Jack thought pretty fast. It seemed to him totally unnecessary to give his job the rather unfortunate label it had borne in the Opportunities column. He said, "I'm in charge of the reception and diagnostical departments at Adele's."

"The diag*what?*" said Frances.

"Diagnostical." Jack had made this word up on the spur of the moment because he thought it sounded impressive. In the midst of his fidgeting it occurred to him this would be a swell department for Adele's to have. He went on: "Of course I created that department." He gave a little laugh—a phony "ha-ha-ha" laugh.

Frances echoed it. She said, "Ha-ha-ha—always the artist! Want to give us a little of that salary for your next week's board while we're trying to get you a job?"

Jack, who had always been honest as the day is long, except with himself, resented this. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket. In value it wasn't such a hot roll of bills; in quantity it was fine because most of them were ones. With all the dignity of a counterfeit colonel trying to pay his current income tax with Confederate money, he peeled five one-dollar bills from the roll and handed them to Frances.

by ERIC HATCH

"Out, Worm of My Heart!" . . . A Sad Farewell—or Is It? — Punctuates a Delirious, Hilarious Adventure

A wonderful asset these mid-winter months —*good general resistance*.....

This month, you'll have to go through the most trying few weeks of the entire winter! During February a peak is reached for those conditions which start so unexpectedly and cause such discomfort. Will you be prepared?

There's this to think about. If you've put in a strenuous winter of hard work, with too little exercise, sunshine and fresh air, your *general resistance* is likely to be low. And low general resistance is one thing you can't afford to risk right now.

Before the season has advanced another day, start to build up your general resistance pleasantly, easily—with *Adex!*

First, Adex will supply you with the factor that is a definite aid toward good general resistance. This factor is Vitamin A, often called a "first line of defense."

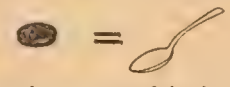
Adex also supplies "sunshine" Vitamin D, which you are likely to need these dreary days. With Adex you get the protective benefits of cod, halibut liver oil and other *natural* vitamin sources.

Give Adex a fair chance to do you good. When you begin with it, take it regularly. Never miss a single day. Have it right on the breakfast table as a daily reminder.

Get Adex now in tablets or capsules, at any drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

"I won't be staying here," he said, "but if this will help any to repay my debt—why—please!"

At this Wynne sat up. She had been dozing just a little bit during the first part of Jack and Frances's talk. The sight of actual cash money coming out of Jack's pocket had given her a start and brought her to an abnormal (for her) state of wakefulness.

"Lord in heaven!" she said. "He took the male-hostess job!" She turned her wide eyes on Jack. "Oh, how could you? After all we've done to make you what you are!"

Her reproachfulness was completely genuine. It knocked Jack's pride badly. It isn't nice for any man to come home fairly bursting with honest pride at an achievement and then to find a chorus of reproach. It touched him on the raw. "That's just it!" he said. "You've damned well made me what I'm not! That's the whole trouble."

Frances was beginning to feel confused. She said so, and Wynne explained while Jack sat embarrassedly twitching. He knew he was in wrong, but he couldn't understand why. He began to feel hurt and unappreciated. When Wynne had finished explaining he said, "I'm sorry you don't like what I've done, but I felt I had to."

"WE don't like it," said Frances. "It reflects on us to have you working at a thing like that."

"Why?" said Jack. "I'm not your husbands."

"No, thank God," said Wynne. "But you might as well be."

"We don't like you," said Frances.

"Oh, what the hell, anyway," said Wynne. "Jack's all right. Now that he's caught on he'll go over in the morning and resign."

Jack looked into her eyes. It made him feel rotten, because they had warm lights in them as they met his in spite of the things she'd said, and he sensed that pretty soon the warm light was going to go out of them. He slowly shook his head. "No," he said, "I won't."

The warm lights gave place to northern lights, flashing and cold. "You mean you've got the crust to go against what we think best, tootsie-boy?"

"I mean I've found something I can do very well and I'm going to do it."

Frances went to the door of the bedroom.

"You two can fight better alone," she said. "Good-by, Jack. You'll find your toothbrush and pajamas in the bathroom. I think that's about all the luggage you had. Wynne'll wrap them up for you."

"Good-by; yes, I guess she will," said Jack. He turned back to look at Wynne. She was sitting, hands folded around her knees, staring vacantly straight ahead of her.

"You can wrap them up yourself," she said. "Or you can leave them here and buy new ones, now you're so independent and—and've got money of your own and everything." She paused so that her next remark should have proper emphasis: "I wouldn't touch a pair of your pajamas or a toothbrush or a razor of yours if it killed me."

Jack had a feeling something like the feeling he'd had the night of his party—a feeling that the world was going mad all around him for some utterly silly reason, and that he was the only one who knew how silly the reason was and still couldn't do anything about it. He knew, too, a great sense of impending loss. He felt as though he were being divorced from some one he had never been married to and was desperately in love with.

He got up and went into the bathroom. The sight of his pajamas hanging between Wynne's and Frances's made him want to cry. They looked so cozy and domestic there, and the room he'd rented that he referred to as an apartment was pretty horrible, as bleak as this place was cozy. He jerked the pajamas from their hook, wrapped his toothbrush and razor in them. Then, tucking the bundle under his arm, he went back into the parlor.

Wynne was sitting as he had left her. He stopped. It would be so very easy to give in, hang up his pajamas again, and start cooking dinner. He thought he saw the beginnings of tears in her eyes. He took a step toward her, his right arm involuntarily extending to drape itself around her.

Then an intelligence no one who knew him would have dreamed he possessed began saying things to him. It wasn't, of course, purely intelligence but partly some infinitesimal remnant of the cave-man instinct. But he suddenly knew that if he gave in to the perfectly understandable impulse he was sunk for good. He let his right arm stay extended, but he held out to her the hand on the end of it. "Good-by, Wynne."

NONE of the ham actors he'd hired in the old days to play in his artistic pictures had ever got more of a tremor into their voices than he unconsciously did. If their tremors had been as genuine the pictures mightn't have been such gawd-awful flops. Wynne didn't even seem to see the outstretched hand. She didn't speak. He might have been the invisible man, for all the recognition she gave to his presence.

"I said 'good-by,' Wynne—dear, dear little Wynne."

Frances's voice came from the bedroom. It was neither friendly nor angry. "She heard you. I heard you all the way in here; so, since you're standing right beside her, she couldn't've helped hearing you."

Irrelevantly Jack answered, "How did you know I was right beside her?"

"Because guys' voices always sound like yours did when they don't know whether to or whether not to, and they don't get that confused if they're way off somewheres from somebody."

The logic was lost on Jack, but Frances's out-and-outly callous treat-

ment of what to him was an intensely dramatic situation began to break the spell. Her next words finished it: "One might almost think you were saying good-by if one didn't know you so damn well."

"I *am!*"

"Well, then, out—worm of my heart—out!"

For a second Jack had another struggle with himself. He didn't know whether to sail into the bedroom and beat the hell out of Frances before he left or whether not to. The cave man in him, unfortunately, lost this time. He stalked to and through the front door so angrily and so fast that he didn't even hear Wynne's sort of feeble "But, Jack dear. . . ." cut short as the door slammed behind him.

JACK put in a mentally storm-tossed night. It was fraught with dreams and nightmares in which both his pasts were mixed up and mingled with his unknown future. All through these dreams raced those horrible contorted visions every one who has either lived at all or dreamed at all knows so well. There were visions of himself firing Wynne because she was an artistic actress and not firing Gloria Brown because she told him not to. There were visions of Tom Hartz leering at him from under night-club tables and laughing nastily and saying, "So he thought I couldn't take pictures, eh? And where is he now!" Visions of himself being mistaken for all kinds of perverted human beings because he worked for a living at the only sort of job he seemed to know how to do well.

It was, in all, a tough night. But in the still small watches of it, when he was lying awake staring at the crinkling plaster on the ceiling, glad, almost, not to be asleep and dreaming awful dreams, and thinking every now and then of the superbly comfortable bed in his ex-bedroom in his ex-Beverly Hills palace, a certain toughness of character began to come to him. Some of the toughness had undoubtedly been there all along and it took perhaps only the toughness of his present bed to bring it out. Some of it may have been inherited. Some of it may have been merely direct reaction to the softness he'd felt toward the nest of Wynne and Frances when he left it. But whencever the toughness came, it is indisputable that as he walked to his work at nine the next morning he was one of the hardest-boiled hombres in Hollywood.

Arrived at the beauty shop, he paused for an instant to throw back his shoulders. Then he went in. He was filled with a terrific determination.

First he went to the locker in the back of the shop where his sort of doctor's gown hung, and put it on. Then he went upstairs to where Adele had her coffee—an oddly businesslike office considering the eerie equipment of the beauty parlor proper. He knocked on the door.

"Come in."

ON JANUARY 15, 1937

Eight reductions in about ten years have substantially cut the cost of Long Distance telephone service.

The latest reduction in Long Distance rates became effective January 15.

Many interstate rates, for calls of more than 42 miles, are reduced. These reductions apply to all day and to many night and all-day Sunday rates for such calls. The reductions for the first three minutes range from 5c to $1, depending on distance.

It costs less now to do business in distant cities—quickly, *personally*. It's easier for far-apart friends to keep in *close* touch.

Sample rates listed in the table below definitely indicate the downward trend during the last decade. Quality of transmission and speed of service have been markedly improved in the same period. The average time required to establish a Long Distance connection was over five minutes in 1926—is less than a minute and a half today.

HOW LONG DISTANCE RATES HAVE BEEN CUT AS THE RESULT OF 8 REDUCTIONS IN THE LAST 10 YEARS:

RATES FOR 3-MINUTE DAYTIME CALLS*		Station-to-Station		Person-to-Person	
From	To	January 15, 1926	Jan. 15, 1937	January 15, 1926	Jan. 15, 1937
Cleveland	Detroit	$ .65	$ .50	$ .80	$ .70
New York	Washington	1.35	.85	1.65	1.20
Chicago	St. Louis	1.70	1.00	2.10	1.35
Detroit	Washington	2.50	1.30	3.10	1.75
Philadelphia	Asheville	3.15	1.55	3.90	2.05
Buffalo	Nashville	4.15	1.95	5.15	2.60
Chicago	Dallas	5.05	2.30	6.30	3.00
Boston	New Orleans	8.60	3.75	10.75	4.75
Baltimore	Salt Lake City	11.90	5.00	14.85	6.75
New York	San Francisco	16.50	6.50	20.60	8.75

*. Night and all-day Sunday rates are still lower.

It's a crime to scrape your skin with "guess-work" blades when Star Single-edge Blades *insure* smooth, clean shaves! Made since 1880 by the inventors of the original safety razor. Famous for keen, long-lasting edges! 4 for 10¢ everywhere. Star Blade Division, B'klyn., N. Y.

She was going through the mail as Jack, weakening a little at the sound of her voice, came in. She looked up, took off her pince-nez, gave an unconscious pat at her gray hair, and said, "You're late."

Jack had never been an employee before, so he didn't realize that this was just a stock remark time-clock punchers get used to hearing when they pay early-morning calls on their bosses. It is supposed to put them on the defensive. Not knowing this, it didn't put Jack on the defensive at all. He said, "Oh, no. Besides, I looked downstairs and there wasn't anybody to be hostess to. That's what I came to speak to you about."

Adele squinted her eyes at him. Then she put her glasses back on. Jack had forgotten to use the carefully practiced Spanish accent, and it gave Adele, or Mrs. Murphy, something of a turn to hear this perfectly good American coming from Don José. She felt as the Indians along the Mississippi would have felt had De Soto suddenly said, "Hotchacha! Dar's Old Man River!"

"By the way, Mr.—Castille"—Mrs. Murphy was using her very best la-di-da Adele voice—"didn't you tell me you were Spanish?"

"No," said Jack. "I didn't say I was anything. I'm not sure myself."

"Please!" said Adele, beginning to feel nervous. "You're not sure of what, Mr. Castille?"

"Not sure I'm anything."

"Oh."

Adele had learned diplomacy and tact in her trade. This seemed to her a time to call on all her reserves of it. She began to think that, just as men are so often beguiled into errors by a pretty face, she had been sold a pup because of wavy black hair and a waxed mustache.

SHE had a hunch that Don José would be much more at home in some cozy loony bin than in a smart beauty shop. She wanted to humor him until she could find a chance to push her desk buzzer and get assistance; but she was afraid to, because she knew that sometimes these queer people were remarkably quick to catch on. She remembered too that Spaniards were invariably supposed to be pretty quick with knives when the least little bit upset about anything. At all costs Don José must not be upset. Yet she could see that his eye had a definitely determined and ferocious look. She said, "Mr. Castille, could you be—just a little more explicit?"

Jack felt she was being sympathetic and kindly. He liked people to be that way to him. He decided to be a little confidential.

"You see," he said, "there's no such job as my job and there isn't any such person as me—really, I mean."

"Poor boy!" said Adele, wincing. Then she gathered herself together and slid her hand a little nearer the desk buzzer. "I can quite easily see how you might feel upset if that's the case."

"I'm in disguise," said Jack. "I suppose I should have told you when you—when you hired me, but I was afraid if I did you wouldn't."

Adele managed a little laugh. "How absurd!" she said. "Why, most of my customers are in disguise, one way or another."

Jack smiled most engagingly. "Not really!"

"They are," said Adele; "but they don't know it."

At this Jack laughed outright and said, "You sound even crazier than I do!"

ADELE began to feel the way psychiatrists often feel when interviewing patients. She began frankly to wonder which of them was nuts, since it was obvious that one of them must be.

Also, since Jack's laugh was so completely open and merry, she doubted very much whether it was he.

"Perhaps I do—perhaps I do." She caught herself, realizing that the conversation was going absolutely the wrong way. "But that's not for *you* to say. You're an employee."

"Yes, thank God!" said Jack.

Adele put on her pince-nez and scrutinized him carefully. Not one of her hired help had ever before said anything like that to her. Adele was known as a pretty hard customer; she didn't, as a rule, inspire affection. This person she'd hired seemed to be turning out to be an enigma. She didn't think of what he was turning out to be as an enigma because she had no idea what one was. In her mind he was turning out to be a problem child.

Where a moment before she was on the verge of tactfully sending for police aid, she now hadn't the least desire to do so. No one wants to lose any one who says "Thank God!" so fervently when reminded that he works for one.

She decided to forget diplomacy and use her normal business sense. Just as Jack had dropped the Spanish accent, she now dropped the Adele-of-Hollywood accent.

"José," she said, "what's eating you, anyhow?"

"Can I go on working for you if I tell you?"

"That, my fine Malarkey, depends on who you are and what you're wanted for."

Some instinct prompting him, he blurted it out.

He said, "I'm John Halcombe and I'm wanted for bad checks that I didn't know were bad."

Adele Murphy gave one quick gasp. Then she looked at him for a long moment, and then she said, "Well, I'll be a dirty old . . ." She stopped.

Now that Adele is on to Jack, what happens? If she fires him, he must face new problems. And if she keeps him, there are bound to be complications, with so many sirens who know him floating into the shop. Make your own guess, and read next week's installment to see if you were right.

SOCKS LANZA Laughs at the Law

They let first offenders off with slashed tires.

The Strange Story of a Shakedown with No Redress—Is Justice Deaf, Dumb, and Blind?

by D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

CAPTAIN JOHN HANSON had spent fifty of his sixty-odd grizzled years struggling along slippery decks against cold and storm and salty spray to supply the Friday-evening dinner tables of fish-hungry America.

He had saved his hard-earned money and put it into a part ownership in the good ship Sally Anne. He wasn't a big business man, Captain John. There were voyages he didn't make a nickel; some, he lost. The one he had just finished fell redly into the latter category.

"Where d'ye wanna tie up, cap?" a stranger called as the Sally Anne slid alongside its usual pier under Brooklyn Bridge.

"Where I always do, of course," answered Captain John.

"Fine! Fix yer right up fer ten bucks."

"Ten bucks for what?"

"Wharf charges."

"Get out of my way. Wharf charges are a dollar."

"Useter be. Gone up, same as everything else. Ten now. An' yer pay in advance. So come across!"

Captain John looked up at the heavy-jowled thug on the dock above him. He thought of his own years of hard honest labor. He thought how this loose-lipped, bulldozing bum had probably never done an honest day's work in his life. But he thought also of what would happen if he didn't fall for the shakedown—of the beatings, the damage to the Sally Anne, his entire catch stolen or thrown into the sea.

"Hell, the government ought to do something about this!" growled Captain John; but he paid him the ten.

Other skippers, who hadn't been around so long, resisted for a while—and wished they hadn't! Soon every captain was paying the ten-dollar charge as a matter of course. The cost is simply added to your fish bill and mine.

The particular incident I have just described—the captain's name wasn't Hanson and his ship wasn't the Sally Anne—happened in the early days of Socks Lanza's fish racket. Since then, Socks has put into effect many refinements and elaborations.

Once on the dock, the fish—and the poor fish who have bought it—are subject to all kinds of privately imposed taxes. For example, to the seemingly negligible fee of three cents a hundred-

"Socks" Lanza, who makes New York pay dearly for its fish.

The Case of New York's Amazing Waterfront Racket

So many men choose Teacher's to share their pleasant hours! Winter swirls outside the door... indoors, firelight gleams. And waiting there is Teacher's Scotch . . . tangy, warm, and smooth...as mellow a good companion as any man could want.

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. Glasgow and London

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IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

weight to move the fish from the pier to the tail of the dealer's truck. Of course the dealer's own man could do this job without any additional expense, instead of sitting on his tail while Socks's men do it. But let him try it! For a first offense, they let him off with slashed tires. For second offenders, a stink bomb—affectionately called by Socks's gang a pineapple—in the fish store.

Three cents isn't much. But remember that families have risen to fame and fortune and busted into the peerage on big additions of fairly small sums.

Then there is the two-dollar charge for parking in the public streets near the wharves. Of course the dealers' trucks have to park, or they couldn't get the fish, so every truck doing business with the fish docks is subject to this fee — beg pardon, fine. For Socks's men, although not clothed in the majesty or the uniform of the law, collect these two-dollar contributions to the racket war chest as penalties for "illegal parking."

After all, you say, parking is either permitted or it is not; the matter is in the hands of the police, as many of us have learned to our sorrow; and the fines, if assessed by a properly authorized judge, are payable to the public treasury. But Socks Lanza does not agree with this theory. He believes in the grand larceny of public streets by gorillas. And he practices what he believes. Parking collections have been estimated at $1,000 a week.

But not all of the collections in which Socks has a hand were in three-cent, two-dollar, or even ten-dollar denominations. Seven hundred dealers paid him fifty dollars a year to avoid labor troubles—troubles which Socks, as we shall see, was in a position to start with his right hand and stop with his left. That made a neat little side line of $35,000 a year.

At one time he received $300 a week from a group of so-called independent fish dealers at Peck Slip for keeping other independent dealers out!

BUT the most bizarre of Socks's little schemes for skinning the fish and the fisherfolk was the Fulton Market Watchman and Patrol Association, a dummy organization through which he collected $15,000 from the Fulton Market dealers for two years' protection against thieving. Investigation, subsequent to the paying of the fifteen grand, showed that this association had no office, no watchmen, no patrols.

You may think there are a lot of suckers around the fish wharves. But if you were a fish merchant, what would you do? You wouldn't want a pineapple thrown through your plate-glass window, would you?

And sometimes the waterfront gang doesn't stop at destroying property and shutting off supplies. Oscar J. Silver, a fish dealer of 359 Bristol Street, Brooklyn, was almost beaten to death because he refused to pay an "initiation fee" of $300.

Of course the government ought to do something about it. Not only for the sake of those who catch and sell fish, but for the sake of those who eat them. An industrial racket which hits the necessities of life hits everybody. By the time Socks Lanza's guerrilla trust gets through with my kettle of fish, it has increased its cost at least two cents a pound. If your kettle has to go through the hands of various local Lanzas, there is no telling how much you are being assessed.

But the government doesn't do anything very effective. Perhaps it can't, because the man who thus taps our pocketbooks at the dock is no ordinary thug of the type so long associated with extralegal operations on the waterfront. Socks Lanza is that most difficult of all criminals to convict—a labor racketeer.

SOCKS is not the first man who set out to make a fortune by levying private taxes on the metropolitan waterfront. Two rough-and-ready fellows, Dennis Meehan and Wild Bill Lovett, terrorized the Brooklyn Bridge and Red Hook fisherfolk for years. Barge and wharf owners who refused to contribute to these rowdies were beaten up and their property burned and destroyed; but the net profit to Meehan and Lovett seldom went beyond a pocketful of change to spend at the corner saloon.

But that was before the war made the world safe for thuggery in a great big way. Lanza, compared with those prewar pikers, is as air-conditioning to grandmother's fan. Sure, he started out in the ancient manner, and received the usual number of diplomas from the courts — usually *cum laude*—to indicate that he was qualifying for the degree of B. S., or Big Shot. Here are some of them:

January 10, 1917: Juvenile delinquency. Probation.

February 19, 1918: Grand larceny. Discharged.

December 16, 1920: Unlawful entry. Convicted; sentence suspended.

May 20, 1926: Homicide. Discharged.

February 4, 1927: Carrying gun. Discharged.

Yes, Socks started out to be a nice old-fashioned gunman of the Lefty Louis and Gyp the Blood type, but he soon saw the error of such crude ways. He became an employer of labor, a big man, to whom the precinct captains and even the district leaders had to listen before elections.

If a big fish dealer or cold-storage man refused to listen to reason, Socks would get his friend the political boss to go to see him and assure him that everything would go smoothly if he would only meet the "assessments." If Socks couldn't intimidate a dealer, and the district leader couldn't persuade him, Socks would set the city inspectors on him—and it was amazing how much bad fish an official nose could smell when Socks Lanza put it on the scent!

This close relationship between votes and fish was fully brought out when William Fellowes Morgan, Jr.,

now Mayor LaGuardia's fighting Commissioner of Markets, testified that when he wrote a letter of complaint, giving fish-racket details, to the then District Attorney, the racketeers immediately knew the contents of the letter.

It suddenly dawned on Socks that he was a sea-food worker. Promptly, therefore, he joined the sea-food workers' union. Then he had all his henchmen join it.

The significance of these steps does not dawn on the average layman like you and me unless we happen to know that the waterfronts of this country are more thoroughly and effectively unionized than almost any other section. The United Sea Food Workers is naturally one of the most important of these labor organizations. Moreover, it is a legitimate union in good standing in the best labor circles. The great majority of its members are honest, industrious, self-respecting workmen.

Socks's bright idea was to get control of this union and, under the cloak of legitimate labor activities, tighten his grip on the life of the waterfront. How well he has succeeded is shown by the fact that the Lanza calling card now bears the inscription: "Business Agent, United Sea Food Workers."

We have been reading lately of how Communists burrow into thoroughly legitimate labor unions, wrest control from the working members and their authorized leaders, and use the prestige and power of organized labor to further a cause which is specifically opposed to organized labor and all its ideals. Especially conspicuous has been the activity of these Communist cells in permeating the labor structure underlying the government's vast public works program.

Well, Socks Lanza is no Communist. He loves capitalists. He is by way of being one himself. And as for upholding the government, that's Socks all over. He has even thought of running for alderman!

BUT Socks burrows into a union just as the Reds do, and when he is in a position to work from the inside, he works. For the labor unions? Yes, sometimes. Socks is a smart boy. Some of his activities in connection with the Sea Food Workers and allied unions are as legitimate as the unions themselves.

During his early years especially he was much less of a whole hog than the barnyard run of racketeers. He was content to build slowly for the day when he could grab off more and more for himself. Meanwhile, turning over levies from shippers and dealers to the union treasury increased that organization's funds and increased his prestige and power.

Of course he got a certain amount of hay for himself. Just what his "take" amounted to, even in that early and comparatively modest period, only Socks knows. And he isn't telling any income-tax man!

The nature of his business, as well as his own nature, makes the result of the most expert government sleuthing far from definitive. His known income in the deeper depression years hit $50,000 a year. His unknown income was, of course, much higher.

Such financial gypping as Socks may have practiced on the union he controlled was not his chief offense against that long-suffering organization. The sins for which organized labor will some day spike Socks Lanza, when it sees him in his true colors, are his treachery to the cause of union labor and the prostitution of its good name to further his criminal designs.

Theoretically the union's Business Agent was supposed to be engaged in extending still further the unionization of the whole sea-food industry. That was, of course, a thoroughly legitimate activity. The way it worked out, however, was this: If a dealer would come across with a special payment, Socks would not unionize his shop; if he didn't, he would. He would also cut off that dealer's supplies, slash the tires of his trucks, throw stink bombs into his place of business.

IN short, Socks Lanza is a two-gun man—one gun for the business man and one for the union whose honest hard-working members derived not benefit but injury from being the unwitting bludgeon of the racketeering gang headed by Lanza.

That Socks has been able to pursue for so long a time so precarious a policy is undoubtedly due in part to his surprisingly agreeable personality. The man has a much brighter side to his nature than you would think. His stern face can light up like sunshine. His great brown eyes, which often decree destruction and sometimes perhaps death, can smile and glow with a warmth which suggests, if it does not embody, friendship.

Thousands of people know Socks Lanza and like him. He could probably be elected to the Board of Aldermen or to any other office within the gift of the district in which he lives.

"He's for the fellow that has to work for a living," one man told me.

"He's done a lot for the fish trade," said another.

Even those who admit that he has been for Joseph Socks Lanza all the time confess to a sneaking liking for the fellow.

Socks hasn't associated with politicians for nothing. He has learned the ward-heeler technique. He is always doing something for somebody, always looking after some one. Coal against winter, food against hunger. The dealers, too. A little fellow has had his fish stolen. The loss hurts. No use going to the police. He has no clues. He goes to Socks. The grapevine works. Socks gets him back his fish. The little fellow doesn't stop to think that it was probably Socks's gang that stole the fish in the first place.

A fight in the market? Socks settles it. With an application of rough justice that is all eyes and ears,

● When children are fretful, upset, constipated—let them chew tasty mint-flavored FEEN-A-MINT. It's such a marvelous, gentle way, and so completely trustworthy. No nausea, griping, or interruption of sleep. Next day your heart will warm to see the children happy again—laughing, romping, "pleased as Punch." Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself!

● Mothers! It's IMPORTANT! Don't force bad-tasting cathartics on children. Resulting tantrums often make matters worse. Besides, fear of future "dosing" makes children deceptive—tempts them to conceal constipation while *real* sickness develops. Why take such risks when FEEN-A-MINT, the modern, chewing-gum laxative, is so delicious? Children even come and *beg* for it.

● People who *know* say, "FEEN-A-MINT has another big advantage. The chewing definitely helps make it wonderfully thorough and dependable. The action occurs gently in the lower bowel—not in the stomach." Not habit-forming. Subjected to 66 careful laboratory tests. Enjoyed by more than 16 million users of all ages. Write today for free sample of FEEN-A-MINT to Dept.N-7,- FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

good news for THIN people

IT is now common knowledge that the three foremost things in restoring lost weight are food...digestive juices...and red-blood-cells.

Digestive juices of the stomach make use of the food you eat...red-blood-cells aid in turning the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic is of great benefit in both.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells...just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.

with plenty of quick footwork and two-fisted wallop, he endears himself to Capulet and Montague.

In bigger ways he can help, too. The great Caesar Barra, one of Socks's many able attorneys, in defending his client's humanitarian impulses, remarked significantly, "Mr. Lanza helped get a $500,000 loan for Booth Fisheries. He simply did a favor for a friend."

Some favors he was able to do for his friends—and *some* favors they were expected to do for him!

But charming as Socks can be, his one great card, when it came to securing political favors or avoiding legal prosecution, was the fact that whatever he did, no matter how raw, no matter how illegal, no matter how utterly criminal, was done in the sacred name of the American workingman.

Candidates for political office voice only the highest idealism. Perhaps, as individuals, many of these candidates believe what they say. But the district leaders and precinct captains, the men who must get out the vote, have precious little time for idealism. The man who can deliver the voters at the polls is the man whose language they must speak. If that language is intimidation, thievery, public and private skulduggery, it is just too bad—but he is the man they need.

FOR nineteen years no district attorney or federal prosecutor, no matter how honest and diligent, has been able to put Socks Lanza behind the bars. In all fairness, however, it should be said that some of them have tried. And in fairness to the politicians of both parties, it should be said that a good deal of the blame belongs not to them but to the very men who are the victims of Lanza's outrageous thieveries.

In the early summer of 1933, District Attorney Dodge of New York County thought that at last he had a bulletproof case against Lanza and his associate, Charles Skillen, titular head of the sea-food workers' union. Three New England shippers of high personal and business standing appeared before the grand jury, and in the privacy of the jury room told their stories of how the accused men had prevented them from delivering fish to Fulton Fish Market by threats to inflict damages on their property unless they paid the usual protection fees ranging from $50 to $100. Both men were forthwith indicted for extortion and coercion.

By one device and another Lanza's high-powered attorneys succeeded in delaying trial of the case for a whole year. When it finally came to trial, there was no case.

Intimidation? You might call it that. Influence? Certainly. Between indictment and trial, Socks had undoubtedly seen the "right people." But it is doubtful if so many reputable citizens could be reached by either of these methods if there didn't already exist in the average American's mind a sort of "to hell with it" attitude toward any such evil-doing.

We get mad, of course, when people threaten and rob us and interfere with our business. We may even go to the authorities and complain. But we don't hold our righteous anger long enough to see the thing through the tedious process of preparing a case and presenting it before judge and jury. In the end we decide that it is easier to pay than it is to fight. Sometimes I think this attitude on our part is the biggest of all the loopholes through which criminals escape.

In this instance, one of the thoroughly reputable complainants refused to come within the jurisdiction of the court. Another said he had no confidence in New York City authorities, and declined to testify. A third man said, "Of course I don't want to put anybody in jail, or anything like that!"

That is what the law-enforcement authorities have always been up against when they try to bring these industrial racketeers, these exploiters of both capital and labor, to the bar of justice. That is what the Mayor's Committee and the Dewey Investigation will be up against when they try to bring them to an accounting as a result of the surveys now in progress.

Finally the authorities had to fall back on the old income-tax fraud and restraint-of-trade provisions of the federal law. They proved their case all right, on both charges. The restraint of trade didn't need much proving. Socks and two of his strong-arm men, Joe Lappi and Tommy De Marin, had got themselves hooked up with a group of fresh-water fish dealers at Peck's Slip who wished to buy low and sell high and were willing to use force to accomplish their purposes.

The language of the indictment was unusually strong. It accused the defendants, some eighty in all, of "hir-

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ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The best thing about this story, according to Chief of Police Thatcher Colt, isn't in it. It couldn't be, because several weeks after the story was written, the law got Mr. Socks Lanza, and got him good. The Supreme Court confirmed his sentence, and even now, unless there has been some miscarriage of what we believe to be justice, Lanza is doing his stuff, not on the New York river front but on Atlanta's.

It is an old story: that crime doesn't pay. But Mr. Colt, as a great policeman, may be pardoned for exulting that in this particularly annoying case, and with this particularly elusive individual, the old axiom still holds good.

These cases involving an alliance between apparently respectable organized labor and the worst kind of profiteering racketeers are always puzzling. Mr. Dewey, the story of whose extraordinary vice prosecutions appeared in Liberty, is finding that out right now in trying to bring to court the real powers behind the nefarious restaurant racket in New York City.

But, says Thatcher Colt—and he ought to know—Dewey will win out. So will every other honest and efficient prosecutor who sets out to get the racketeers and sticks to it long enough. Reason: Crime does NOT pay!

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

ing persons known to the conspirators as gangsters and gorillas to intimidate, threaten, assault, and beat up retailers, their families and employees, and injure and destroy their property." It even went so far as to accuse them of collecting levies from retailers to pay the expenses of organizing the conspiracy against them!

Socks got two years in prison and a $10,000 fine. Four others got prison sentences. Fifty-five got fines. It was a record conviction for the federal courts in New York. This was in June, 1934.

In common with many other unsuspecting citizens and not a few usually well informed detectives, lawyers, and court officials, I settled back in the belief that the waterfront had been purged—for two years, at least—of the odious Socks Lanza. Braced by this belief, I ventured down to the dimly lighted region of Fulton Fish Market one hot night this last summer, 1936, to see for myself whether things had really changed.

You wouldn't send any one to the chair on circumstantial evidence? You would prefer eyewitness testimony? Mr. Curtin will tell you in an early issue how EIGHT honest eyewitnesses identified two men charged with murder—and then circumstantial evidence proved them wrong!

After a few minutes of friendly conversation, I brought up Socks's name with an old watchman who had been doing that beat this last forty years.

"What do you hear from Lanza?" I began tentatively.

"He's over there."

The old man made a gesture toward the sail lofts and fish stalls on the landward side of South Street. I couldn't make out any one or anything distinctly. All I could see was a big clam truck from Little Neck, Long Island. Not until midnight would the long lines of fish trucks begin rolling in from New England.

"I guess you misunderstood me," I said. "I was talking about Socks Lanza."

"So was I," the watchman answered.

"But how about that two-year sentence they hung on him? I thought Socks was in Atlanta pen."

"Huh! We know different down here. Socks ain't served a day of that sentence."

"Why not?"

The old watchman took a quick look around. The two men on the clam truck were well out of earshot.

"That's the mystery," he said softly.

What happened was this: The fifty-five men who drew fines paid up. The four other defendants who drew prison terms entrained for Atlanta. But not Socks! His free spirit revolted at the vision of a federal pen. With the tang of the docks and the river in his lungs, the mere thought of inland cities like Leavenworth and Atlanta was stifling. As for Alcatraz, it had too much tang.

So Socks hired men who knew at least as much law as the federals to fight to a finish for his freedom. He posted the necessary bond to assure his liberty during appeal—and went back to work at the old stand.

First, though, he threw a party.

The purpose of the party was not wholly social. It was designed to reimburse Socks for these unusually heavy expenses. And it did. Program advertisements extracted from dealers produced $10,000. Tickets—five to a man—which members of the United Sea Food Workers were forced to buy, produced $4,000. Passing the hat produced $2,000.

The exploited were still paying for the exploiting.

Said Socks: "The boys simply insisted on showing a little friendliness!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The third of his name, he rose from a sublieutenant to a commanding general, not suspecting that a former private was destined to make him Europe's nigh-forgotten man. His father lost his power through assassination. Whose features appear in the early photo to the right?

2—Who is Ann Corio?

3—What is the only food defined by U. S. federal law?

4—Who swam the Hellespont to woo whom?

5—In the Bible, what woman said that poor men should drink and forget their poverty?

6—Where are the Sea Islands?

7—Who (without examining a dollar bill) is Treasurer of the United States?

8—What pirate was the first Englishman to sail around the world?

9—If Washington was father of his country, what was he to his wife's children?

10—And if Washington crossed the Delaware in 1776, when did Jean Blanchard fly across the same river?

11—Where is the world's largest collection of books?

12—Who wrote The Private Life of Helen of Troy?

13—The largest number of women are arrested at what age?

14—Did Betsy Ross design the Stars and Stripes?

15—How many scheduled trips did the Hindenburg make last year?

16—The Dominican Republic occupies about two thirds of which island?

17—Who was the most popular motion-picture actress outside the United States last year?

18—What is a cutting reply and a vessel used for distillation?

19—Is the science of finger-printing practiced in China?

20—Who was the famed uncle of Lionel, Ethel, and Jack?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

Boys and girls, I leave out fancy words when talking to you

WHAT I like about doing business with you boys and girls is that I can spend all my time making a better gum. I don't have to think up a lot of ways to tell you why to buy it.

Grown-ups seem to like a lot of big talk along with the things they buy, but a boy or girl will say: "Let me ride in your automobile, let me ride on your sled, or *let me try Dubble Bubble chewing gum* — and I'll tell you in two seconds if I like it or not!"

Boys and girls look for value—and they know value when they find it. They buy more and more Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum each year. But they don't ask for it because somebody *told them* that it was more gum and better gum for the money. They buy it because *they found that out for themselves!*

Sincerely,

President, Frank H. Fleer Corp.
Makers of fine chewing gum for 30 years
Philadelphia, Pa.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR 1¢

It is PURE
Its FLAVOR LASTS LONGER
It is NON-STICKY
A COMPLETE COLORED FUNNY in every wrapper
An INTERESTING FACT in every wrapper
YOUR FORTUNE in every wrapper
A quarter million stores carry it for you

FLEER'S
Dubble Bubble
CHEWING GUM

WISE VIRGIN

by WALTON GREEN

If You Think You Know the Ways of a Woman's Heart, See if You Can Forecast This Swift Finale Before You Read It!

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

IN her stateroom Serena began methodically to pack her bag. After the first shock, she was quite collected.

She had but one thought: that she must get off this boat and get back to Washington—somehow—at once—tonight—and undo the monstrous wrong she had done Roger. Toward her mother she felt nothing—one way or another. Her mother had done her wickedness long ago. Finally. All that mattered now was Roger. To beg his forgiveness. Whether he still loved her—but no, of course he didn't love her. What did all that matter? To get to him quickly. Perhaps he was dying. O God! She must get off the boat!

She opened her stateroom door. She would go to the purser's office and find out what time they were due at the next landing. It was after dark now. The rest of the party were in the dining saloon. And she must get some money. But how? She hated to ask her mother.

The purser told her they were due at Solomon's Point at nine thirty. Yes, she could probably hire a car there. As she turned away, Pliny James came up the companionway from behind the purser's office. Pliny! She had forgotten Pliny.

"Splendid chap, that engineer," said Pliny, gravely sardonic. She drew him out of earshot.

"Will you lend me some money? I've got to get off the boat and back to Washington tonight."

"Money? Why, certainly." He was instantly serious. "What's the trouble, Serena?"

Serena looked at him. He was biting his lip tensely and waiting. I must tell him, thought Serena. She began, slowly—incoherently—then with a rush of words. He listened without interruption. His face, in the weak light of the passageway, looked gray and drawn.

"Good," he said when she had finished. "I'll go with you."

"No!" said Serena violently. "Don't you understand? It's—it's—Roger Loring—the man in the newspaper. Don't you understand why I must go to him?"

"I understand everything," he said quietly. "I understand that it's time for your Uncle Pliny to stick around. You don't know this country. I do. I've shot ducks in every river and bay on this cape. Solomon's Point is near the very tip. It'll take half the night to get to Washington. If Whyte's Ferry doesn't run at night we'll have one hell of a time. May have to go halfway to Annapolis before we can head back for Washington."

PLINY

"I don't want you to come," said Serena. It was perhaps the only consciously untruthful thing she had ever said to him.

. . . . .

It was nearly seven in the morning when they reached Washington. Everything had gone wrong. It had taken them over an hour to find a car. Whyte's Ferry had stopped, and they had to detour many miles through Prince Frederick and Upper Marlboro. When they reached town the hurry-up restaurants were just opening.

They stopped at one and drank coffee, and Pliny made Serena eat some eggs. But she was in a fever of fear to be on. They drove on out through the city to Walter Reed. Pliny left her at the office.

"I'll send this damned car back down the cape," he said, "and then I'll hop the first train for New York."

"Oh—I don't know when I'll see you again," said Serena nervously. "And—and thank you."

"Good-by—and be damned to you," grinned Pliny James, and drove off.

Serena sought the Information Desk. Yes, Mr. Roger Loring was in Ward 2X. How was he? They did not know here. Miss Runcival would have to ask in the ward.

Serena hurried to the ward. Her heart was going terrifically, and she had difficulty in breathing. She had to wait an interminable time until the floor nurse got back to her desk.

"Mr. Roger Loring—a typhoid patient—can I see him?" she demanded.

The nurse raised her brows.

"Typhoid!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Loring's got measles. Wait till I see."

"Measles!" moaned Serena, and sat down limply. In a few minutes the nurse was back.

"Yes, you can go in. He's past the contagious stage. Down the hall on your right. Number Eighty-six."

Serena walked down the hall laughing. She was still laughing when she entered Roger's room. Roger was sitting in a Morris chair eating breakfast. He looked at her in amazement. He started to say:

"Serena, this is very kind of you," then, as she kept on laughing, he blurted resentfully, "I fail to understand what's so excruciatingly funny about it. I can't help it if my face looks like a sick boiled lobster."

"It's not your face," gasped Serena. "I'm laughing —because I'm so glad—that you have measles."

"What!"

"I thought you had typhoid! Oh, Roger—and I've rushed to you—to tell you—I wronged you so terribly—but I didn't know—and that time in the store—I couldn't have known—" she rushed on incoherently, but finally managed to tell him what she had come to say. He listened to the end.

"Serena," he began heavily, "it is almost unbelievable —that such a misunderstanding should occur." She saw the look of pain in his fine strong face. "I—we have been struck a cruel blow. I scarcely know what to say. It is so long ago—now."

She was listening, trying hard to drink in every word. But she was very tired. What was Roger saying?

"But perhaps it is all for the best. We were not—altogether suited to each other. I have my life here, and I have a hard battle before me. You—you have—"

God in heaven, thought Serena wildly, is he telling me that he doesn't love me?. Her tired head was whirling, and her eyes burned and hurt. Roger was still talking, but she heard nothing. She was staring at his face, his keen, fine face—so strong—so dependable—so understanding. But in her breast was a wild, mad feeling of exultation—a feeling that had no business to be there.

. . . . .

How she got out of the Walter Reed Hospital and down to the flying field Serena could never afterward remember with any distinctness. All that she knew was that the plane moved on wings of lead, and that it made utterly needless and prolonged stops at Baltimore and Philadelphia. At Newark there was a fog, and it took nine precious minutes to find the beam and ride it down through a hole. And the taxicab to Manhattan seemed to catch every last red light on the route. But at last she was there. She walked up the old brownstone steps, and up the carpeted stairs to the second floor. The office boy had a tabloid propped against the little switchboard. Yes, Mr. James had just come in, half an hour ago. Mr. Wadsworth was out.

Serena opened the door of his office softly and closed it softly behind her. He was at his desk, reading a magazine, his legs on the old library table. He looked up slowly, and as he saw her, a spasm, almost of pain, crossed his face. Then the old sardonic smile crept back about his eyes—the faintly insolent, amused glint that made her feel all hot and queer inside.

"My God!" he said irritably. "What chance has a man got!"

"None," said Serena softly and walked over and stood beside him. "Pliny—when you went away—that night —from the flat—when you left me—was it—because you loved me?"

"Yes—damn it! And you know it."

"I didn't then. I do now. That is why I have come back. I must have been loving you too—for some time. Pliny—will you marry me?"

"Yes—but you're a damn fool. You know what I am."

Serena laughed happily, her low throaty laugh.

"My dear, I think we both know—what we both are."

She reached out slowly with both her hands and laid her fingertips softly on his temples, and drew them softly down his face. Her arms trembled and seemed to draw him toward her—drew her all warm and melting down into his arms.

And this time lip met lip unafraid and with no afterthought. And the bad merged into the good, and the good into the bad in one hot unashamed glory of understanding.

"Pliny," whispered Serena, disengaging herself, "don't you think we'd better go down and get a license before I do anything to hurt your lovely morals?"

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

LIBERTY-PETE SMITH

AMATEUR MOVIE CONTEST

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 30

IF RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED YOUR ENTRY WILL BE RETURNED

The gateway to Hollywood is still open to you! Your chance to win a real Hollywood contract and a cash prize is still excellent if you get busy without delay. Full particulars of this great offer to the amateur movie enthusiasts of America appeared in the issues of Liberty dated December 26, 1936, and January 2 and 9. Send three cents in stamps to Amateur Movie Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., for reprint of rules, information, and official entry blank. And, for guidance, don't forget to see WANTED—A MASTER, the M-G-M picture from the amateur film which inspired this contest. It can help you film your own entry. Inquire at your local theater.

Last Chance to Enter and Win in Liberty's

$1,500 CASH PRIZE MAN HUNT

LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER
START NOW TO WIN!

ON this page you have the sixth problem in Liberty's $1,500 cash prize Man Hunt. You can get into the search and start toward a cash reward by finding this week's hidden name. Then you can go back and make up the lost ground. First of all read the rules carefully. Then look for the hidden name. It is one of those listed below the rules. If the first name corresponds to the name of a place in Colorado, the surname will be found listed among the places in Saskatchewan. However, the surname may be the one hidden in Colorado with the first name in Saskatchewan. It's your problem. When you have worked it out, save your solution and bring your entry up to date by solving the first five problems of the series. If the necessary back issues of Liberty are not available you can obtain reprints of the first five installments of the contest by writing to the address in Rule 5 enclosing five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. No subsequent reprints will be made. Watch for the seventh problem in next week's issue.

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.
2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.
3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, st ry, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."
4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.
7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

HENRY FONDA	NANA BRYANT	HOLMES HERBERT
ROBERT YOUNG	JUNE LANG	CHARLIE CHAPLIN
NOEL KENNEDY	CLARK GABLE	VICTOR KILLIAN
KAY FRANCIS	UNA MERKEL	RICARDO CORTEZ
RICHARD CROMWELL	FAY WRAY	MERLE OBERON

COLORADO

Lodora, Battle Creek, Crouse, Hereford, Peets, Sedgewick, Bonita, Weir, Columbine, Forks, Bulger, Grover, Sligo, Powell, Proctor, Crook, Ovid, Clark, Walden, Home, Wellington, Nunn, Keota, Sterling, Dailey, Haxton, Graystone, Hebron, Fort Collins, Pierce, Ault, Buckington, Hall, Ford, Sunbeam, Lay, Drake, Stout, Severence, Eaton, Cornish, Willard, Atwood, Maybell, Craig, Hayden, Rand, Windsor, Greeley, Merino, Kelly, Bryant, Hamilton, Steamboat Springs, Loveland, Milliken, Goodrich, Weldona, Silt, Axial, Berthold, Wild Cat, Peckham, Dearfield, Lodi, Waitley, Wages, Caisson, Massadona, Oak Creek, Phippsburg, Lyons, Wiggins, Fort Morgan, Pyramid, Yampa, Stillwater, Peaceful, Hygiene, Gowanda, Roggan, Wolcott, Rangely, Granby, Longmont, Ione, Crest, Gary, Brush, Xenia, Akron, Otis, Meeker, Toponas, Troublesome, Ward, Boulder, Hyde, Yuma, Schramm, Wray, Piceance, McCoy, Yarmony, Fraser, Lafayette, Barr, Klink, Adena, Vernon, Rioblanco, Vasquez, Empire, Golden, Oberon, Arvada, Denver, Aurora, Chacra, Grizzly, Edwards, Minturn, Dickey, Englewood, Sullivan, Idalia, Atchee, Rifle, Lacy, Frisco, Webster, Grant, Parker, Gann, Cope, Joes, Niger, Una, Emma, Sloss, Meredith, Bailey, Sedalia, Elizabeth, Seibert, Mack, Janeway, Nast, Leadville, Alma, Fairplay, Deckers, Douglas, Mesa, Loma, Fruita, Malta, Kobe, Larkspur, Sidney, Matheson, Bagdad, Hugo, Holland, Grand Junction, Marble, Garo, Pring, Husted, Keysor, Clifford, Delta, Cory, Hotchkiss, Coburn, Newett, Guffey, Breed, Yoder, Rush, Gateway, Crawford, Baldwin, Cripple Creek, Victor, Cameron, Clyde, Aroya, Montrose, Iola, Gunnison, Ohio, Salida, Holmes, Wigwam, Eads, Brandon, Paradox, Nucla, Sargent, Linton, Florence, Pueblo, Baxter, Lolita, Kim, Dallas, Youman, Cochetopa, Wetmore, Goodnight, Crowley, Ordway, Evans, Brown, Sequache, Keating, Goodpasture, Fowler, Hasty, Keesee, Wiley, Leonard, Ouray, Moffat, Abbey, Brooks, Swink, Hadley, Morse, Lamar, Ackmen, Raymond, King, Phillips, Ojo, Patches, Bloom, Verdon, La Junta, Lewis, Delores, Cortez, Kearnes, Henry, Alamosa, Barnes, Earl, Tobe, Towaoc, Kline, Ortiz, Trinidad, Branson, Graft, Edler, Richards, Vona, Pultney, Las Animas, Kit Carson, Waveland, Mortimer, McGinty, Monte Vista, Hoopup, Flues, McCall, Springfield, Stonington, Pritchett, Utleyville, Center, Del Norte, Duarango, Breen, Menefee, Tiffany, Bondad, Hesperus, La Garita, Americus, Aspen, Jacks Cabin, Matterhorn, Cimarron, Antonito, Cumbres, Tabernash, Buick, Undercliffe, Telluride, Gunnison, Bardeen.

SASKATCHEWAN

Onion Lake, St. Walburg, Midnight Lake, Eldred, White Fox, Armley, Bangor, Henribourge, Shellbrook, Canwood, Edam, Turtleford, Lashburn, Grayson, Freemont, Paynton, Meota, Marcelin, Birch Hills, St. Louis, Prince Albert, Star City, Tisdale, Crooked River, Prairie River, Lloydminster, Brooking, Melfort, St. Brieux, Cudworth, Wakaw, Rosthern, Aberdeen, Archerwill, Von Warman, Hague, Waldheim, Duck Lake, Langham, Richard, Belleplaine, Radison, Denholm, North Battleford, Cutknife, Battleford, Macklin, Unity, Wilkie, Cando, Saskatoon, Grandora, Humbolt, Watson, Quill Lake, Ceylon, Wadena, Prelate, Stenen, Pelly, Buchanan, Canora, Verigen, Assiniboia, Insinger, Foam Lake, Elfros, Wynyard, Dafoe, Lanigan, Viscount, Estevan, Watrous, Dundurn, Hanley, Delisle, Laura, Biggar, Perdue, Yellow Grass, Plenty, Harris, Zealandia, Kenasto, Nokomis, Theodore, Yorkton, Leross, Semans, Raymore, Imperial, Indian Head, Haywarden, Macrorie, Drinkwater, Conquest, Dinsmore, Milden, Rosetown, Fiske, Kinistino, Alsask, Young, Eston, Elrose, Davidson, Strasbourg, Cuper, Lipton, Outlook, Kelfield, Wroxton, Saltcoats, Dana, Bruno, Waldron, Balcarres, Southey, Bryant, Earl Grey, Chamberlain, Craik, Girvin, Elbow, Kindersley, Lawson, Rhein, Riverhurst, Lemsford, Sceptre, Cabri, Chaplin, Glidden, Parry, Arelee, Brownlee, Mortla, Tuzford, Lumsden, Regina, Blaine Lake, Sintaluta, Grenfell, Lebret, Neudorf, Stockholm, Esterhazy, Humbolt, Moosomin, Spy Hill, Rocanville, Wapella, Whitewood, Wolseley, Odessa, Swift Current, Moosejaw, Morse, Webb, Herbert, Tompkins, Fox Valley, Beechy, Lampman, Maple Creek, Cadillac, Vanguard, Hodgeville, Mossbank, Kamsack, Eyebrow, Mitchellton, Avonlea, Wilcox, Milestone, Lang, Dummer, Kronau, Vibank, Francis, Montmartre, Candiac, Kipling, Kennedy, Fairlight, Englefeld, Fillmore, Lafleche, Ponteix, East End, Shaunavon, Robsart, Sutherland, Gobenlock, Climax, Val Marie, Kincade, Limerick, Verwood, Brendenbury, Wood Mountain, Scout Lake, Ogena, Trossachs, Weyburn, Swanson, Forget, Arcola, Carlyle, Redvers, Antler, Alameda, Oxbow, Bienfait, Hazel Dell, Minton, Rock Glen, Big Muddy, East Poplar, Masefield, Willow Creek, Estlin, North Portal, Hirsch, Torquay, Elmore, Lashburn, Delmas, Kenasto, Togo, Flemming, Carnduff, Kisby, Sturgeon Landing, Cumberland House, Lucky Lake, Thickwood Hills, Cochin, Moon Hill, Speers, Wolfe, Landis, Meadow Lake, Reford, Traynor, Oban, Borden, Keeler, Parksite, Cluffie, Langenburg, Krupp, Hatton, Yorkton, Tribune, Marquis, Pericord, Melville, Phippen.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET YOUR BODY READY FOR SPRING

An Expert's Word to the Wise—Systematize Your Exercise and Spice Your Diet with Common Sense

Says

Mme. SYLVIA

CARTOONS BY PAKI

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I EAT and eat and eat but don't gain an ounce." Does that sound familiar to you thin girls? Well, that fact alone—that you deliberately eat enough for a young army in your attempt to put on weight, yet without any desired result, is enough to make you nervous, destroy your vitality, cause sleepless nights. Result: bad digestion. Often you mope, feeling sorry for yourself. "Poor skinny, underweight, little frail flower," they call you. You're so sick of being considered practically worthless and a weakling!

Come on, darlings, snap out of it. Let's show your more robust sisters a thing or two! It will mean work and concentration. But who cares? Isn't it worth it if in the next few months you can round out your figure so you no longer need to feel self-conscious about it? You'll be shedding winter togs and frisking at outdoor sports in the spring—and don't you want your body to feel right and look right when frisking time comes? Won't it be worth the struggle to be able to flip a hip with the best of the beauties in a bathing suit this summer? Sure it will. And you can, too, if you'll start right now. But let's go after it sensibly and systematically.

In some cases glandular faults keep you from gaining weight. The first thing you should do is to consult a reliable gland specialist and find out if it is so in your case. Especially be sure that your thinness is not due to weak lungs. Have them checked frequently. And here's another warning: Many a thin girl, in her frantic efforts to put on weight, eating everything in sight, never even thinks that she might be the regular hostess to an extra guest at every meal. Not very pleasant to contemplate, but a tapeworm is not an uncommon house guest of the extremely thin. More often than not you are unaware of its presence; but should you find yourself giving the party, don't work yourself up into a state of hysteria. Consult your physician and he will advise you how to get rid of the unwanted company. It would be wise to consult him anyway, just to make sure you're alone at your meals and at peace with your innards.

But for goodness' sake don't try home remedies. Don't take it upon yourself to drive out the intruder with haphazard patent medicines or strong salts or laxatives.

Many times your inability to gain weight comes from not knowing what to do. Your food is not right. Exercises to develop and give tone to your muscles are too much effort and are neglected. (Oh, yes, darlings, thinsies have to exercise too.) Your circulation becomes sluggish. Vitality is at a low mark, and then mentally you go to pieces. You are the ones I'm talking to.

First of all, your digestive system is perhaps not able properly to digest the food that you eat. Then your glands may not produce juices in sufficient quantity or strength to break down the foods taken in. Most everything that you eat passes through without benefit. And wrong foods create poisons that handicap the normal functions of the glands.

What do you say if we give your digestive apparatus a couple of days off? By that I mean take only foods that are easily digested and yet contain valuable minerals to strengthen the tissues. A swell way to do this is to go on a liquid diet. Now, don't yell and scream, "Gosh, how can I gain weight if I don't eat? People who want to *lose* flesh go on liquid diets!" Never mind, darlings, it's only for a couple of days, and don't worry—you're not going to starve. You're going to eat, later, all you want—but sensibly.

Now here's your routine. Remember, get your doctor's O. K. before starting. Take the juice of half a lemon in a glass of water immediately upon rising. It will stimulate the muscular activity of the intestines. Half an hour later, after you've finished dressing, have a large glass of fresh orange or grapefruit juice for breakfast. Two hours later, a large glass of tomato juice. Now, don't tell me that you work in an office and you can't get the tomato juice, or other liquids I give you. There are waxed containers that are made just for that purpose. Use the family thermos, or any kind of bottle with a stopper will do. For lunch, a bowl of clear vegetable soup or beef broth or a large glass of barley water. Or a glass of vegetable juice that you've saved from the vegetables you cooked for the family. Have these liquids without crackers or bread. You may have a dish of sherbet if you like. At two o'clock a glass of tomato juice or a glass of sweet apple cider (not hard). At four, orange juice or a cup of tea with lemon.

You can juggle these around to suit yourself so it won't become monotonous, but have one or the other at the hour I advise. For dinner, a large bowl of clear soup. Or a large glass of the vegetable juice I mentioned for luncheon.

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Actually

MEDICATED WITH
THROAT-SOOTHING
INGREDIENTS OF
VICKS VAPORUB

Cup custard or fruit gelatin if you desire, and a small cup of black coffee or tea. At eight o'clock, a glass of vegetable juice. Just before retiring, a glass of warm milk (not boiled) or a glass of grapefruit juice, fresh. Follow this for two days. For a week after the two liquid days, increase your solid food little by little. After that eat normally, and here is a general menu for building up. Make your selection from this. You'll find plenty from which to choose.

Always your glass of water with juice of half a lemon first thing in the morning. Breakfast: Dish of stewed prunes, stewed figs, baked apple with cream, or sliced bananas. If you're at home, or can get it, a big dish of hominy grits with a square of butter and tablespoon of brown sugar and cream makes a good cereal. Cream of wheat, brown rice flakes, and cornmeal mush are O. K., too. Have a couple of slices of crisp whole-wheat toast with a little marmalade or jam. A couple of days a week have a coddled egg. Know how to prepare it? Like this: Place the egg in cold water, let water come to a boil, remove from the fire and let stand for a few minutes. Coffee or tea any way you like it or a glass of milk. In the middle of the morning a glass of orange juice or tomato juice. Luncheon: A bowl of soup—cream of mushroom, celery, tomato, lentil, or vegetable. Chicken okra with rice is good, too. A green salad, by all means. Occasionally, for salad, have half an avocado with French dressing. A hard crisp roll or whole-wheat toast.

Once in a while have a good portion of spaghetti or noodles, served plain, with a piece of butter put on after the food is taken off the fire; or with plain crushed tomatoes. For a change, boiled rice with the tomatoes. And a vegetable plate is fine. For dessert, one of the following: custard, rice, chocolate or bread pudding, brown Betty, fruit gelatin or fresh fruits, ice cream, plain sponge or angel-food cake. Large glass of milk or beer with your luncheon.

IN the middle of the afternoon drink a glass of half milk and half cream. Never mind, office girls, I'm way ahead of you. Bring it in with you when you return from lunch. Or, if you prefer something solid, a banana. Be sure it's very ripe.

Dinner: Fresh-fruit cocktail or a bowl of the above-mentioned soups. Green salad. Two vegetables. Lima beans, turnips, parsnips, lentils, creamed celery, carrots, or peas, beet tops, mustard greens, kale, and such are fine. Steam them. Their juices make a fine tonic. Save it and drink it during the day, even if you're past the two-day liquid diet. Choose one of the following meats: broiled liver, meat loaf, rare roast beef, sweetbreads, and plenty of good old-fashioned stew. Ground round steak or baked beef or lamb hearts. Avoid fried foods. Have the juices of the meats, but be sure you skim off the indigestible fat.

Take any one of the desserts I gave you for luncheon. No coffee or tea, but, instead, a glass of milk. Before retiring, a glass of fresh grapefruit juice.

Stay away from hard liquor. A little wine won't hurt you or a glass of beer. Malt tonics are good builders, too.

Get plenty of sleep. Remember, the length of time you spend in bed is not so important. It's the soundness and restfulness of your sleep that repairs worn tissue. Lie down whenever you can before meals. A little snooze is just dandy, but it isn't absolutely necessary that you sleep. Just lie quietly and let yourself go limp. The point is to relax the stomach nerves and help along digestion.

Incidentally, before I forget it, hot baths are out—absolutely. None of this business of soaking for half an hour or reading in a tub of steaming water. Hot baths devitalize you, and you undernourished and extremely skinny gals surely have no vitality to spare.

NOW for some specific tricks for specific spots. Try to work in some swimming or tap dancing during the day or evening. Both are marvelous developers. Swimming will develop your chest, hips, and upper arms. Tap dancing is good for the legs and thighs. So is skipping rope. Russian dance steps that require squatting positions will also round out calves and bony thighs.

If you can't go swimming in an indoor pool in the winter, just stand before an open window and do the regular swimming exercise, featuring the breast stroke. Do it as if you were really cutting through the water. Inhale deeply as you make wide full strokes from the shoulders.

Bicycle riding is a grand exercise for developing your legs, and it has the added benefit of getting you out in the fresh air. I know all of you haven't bicycles, so here's a little exercise that gives you everything but the bicycle. The fresh air you can get some other time. Lie on the floor on your back. Extend your legs straight up, using your arms to balance your body, until you are supporting your entire weight on your shoulders. Your hips must be off the floor. You may find it easier to keep them in the air by holding them there with your hands.

Now start pedaling as if you were riding a bicycle. Push as if you were pumping up a steep hill and put plenty of knee action into it. Do this at least five minutes at a time.

Now go to it, girls! I love every one of you when you try to make the most of your looks. If you'll get to work, I know you'll no longer need to be unhappy over flat chests or spindly legs. You can be the healthy vital human beings you were intended to be, and before you know it you'll be putting on so much flesh you'll be sending me an S O S to get it off again.

THE END

Dreams in the Stars; Hopes in the Mire

Some Actors from Erin Help Film a Bitter Play of Their Lovely Island — Britain Sends Us Two Arresting Adventures in Horror

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Barry Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea, Eileen Crowe, F. J. McCormick, Arthur Shields, J. M. Kerrigan, Bonita Granville, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Una O'Connor, Moroni Olsen, Neil Fitzgerald, Robert Homans, Brandon Hurst, Cyril McLaglen. Screen play by Dudley Nichols, from the play by Sean O'Casey. Directed by John Ford. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 67 minutes.

THE Irish dramas keep coming. This one is in the bitter mold of The Informer. It is a story of the Dublin Easter Week Rising of 1916, by Sean O'Casey, and while the chief roles are in the hands of Hollywood's Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster, much of the background is handled by the Irish Abbey Players, and John Ford, the maker of The Informer, again directs.

Here is a dour, grim, relentless picture of Ireland — rebellious at its overlords, sullen, patient, morose, pinched by poverty, with its dreams in the stars and its hopes in the mire. The tiny Irish Citizens unit seizes the Dublin Post Office, barricades itself inside, and for days withstands the battering of a small army. In the end it gives in, its leader is shot, its members slip away over rooftops, sniping as they go.

Both Miss Stanwyck and Mr. Foster are excellent as a wife and husband caught in the maelstrom of the brief and bloody revolt, but you will remember The Plough and the Stars best for its character roles. All are able. Best is an Abbey Player, Barry Fitzgerald, as a cocky belligerent little Irishman, Fluther, who loves his pubs.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sean (Shawn 'tis pronounced and John is its m'anin') O'Casey was born in Dublin. Newsboyed; had no schooling; learned to read when he was twelve. First important job: in a big news agency at nine shillings a week, hours from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M. Later advanced to be general laborer, dock walloper, hod carrier, stone breaker on roads, railway roadbed valet, builder's assistant bricklayer. He self-taught himself from secondhand bookstalls. Learned as amateur to write plays in Abbey Theatre gallery; got the gong on eight of them before Abbeyists put on smash sensation Cathleen Listens In, in '23. Hundreds were turned away from every performance. Became immediately recognized as great champion of working-class drama. Is a Shavian, thinks Back to Methuselah a complete gospel. Married actress Eileen Carey in '27. Believes patriotism is not enough; peace is born of other ingredients. . . . Ninety per cent of cast is Irish; many fought in famous 900 rebs vs. 20,000 English troops on Dublin Post Office steps as picted herein. . . . When I try to think of something Irish I always think of Erin O'Brien-Moore's name. Actually she's L. A. born, her paw's from Tipperary; this is her first Irish part. . . . Dubliner J. M. Kerrigan's a bachelor. . . . Hollywood at first couldn't find Denis O'Dea, who created his part in this on Abbey stage in '26. An ad, "A contract is pursuing Denis O'Dea, who hasn't been found," inserted in London newspaper agony column, found Denis and fotched him to America, where a plane shot him to Hollywood, where he likes it. O'Dea spent two years in concentration camp after 1920 rebellion, almost gave up acting there to become a medico. . . . Bonita Granville is twelve, has intelligence of a college soph. . . . Arthur Shields joined General Connolly; was concentrated in a camp; heard that speech he makes in this on Dublin Post Office steps. . . . Barry Fitzgerald started as a civil service employee, then joined Abbeys, civil-serviced on side till six years ago. He 'n' Arthur Shields 're brothers. . . . Moroni Olsen's a smorgasbord of a lad of Norskie-Utah extraction; has played Porthos, Buffalo Bill, John Knox, and could play Joan of Arc if asked. . . . Neil Fitzgerald's no kin of Barry F. Is from Tipperary. . . . Three to one, Preston Foster becomes a star this year. . . . Dudley Nichols started to be an E. E. Swept postwar seas of 70,000 mines; wrote experiences so graphically for New York Times, was urged to turn newshawk, from which it was but a few thousand steps to screenwriting. . . . Eileen Crowe's debutting; thrilled with Hollywood. . . . Barbara Stanwyck's Irish with a dash of Brooklyn. She and Taylor handed each other big presents at Christmas. Smart money says the romance is still on; the feed-bag special is noncommittal about the marriage date. Stanwyck's divorce diploma from Frank Fay has come through.

Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster in The Plough and the Stars.

★ ★ ½ BROKEN BLOSSOMS

THE PLAYERS: Dolly Haas, Emlyn Williams, Arthur Margetson, Ernest Sefton, C. V. France, Ernest Jay, Bertha Belmore, Gibb McLaughlin, Donald Calthrop, Kathleen Harrison, Kenneth Villiers, Jerry Verno, Basil Radford, Edith Sharpe. From the story by Thomas Burke. Adapted by Emlyn Williams. Directed by Hans Brahm. Produced by British Imperial. Running time, 76 minutes.

BACK in 1919 David Wark Griffith filmed Thomas Burke's story of Limehouse, The Chink and the Child, as Broken Blossoms. The film, which presented Lillian Gish and Dick Barthelmess, was looked upon as a lyric excursion into the field of the tragic.

Last summer Broken Blossoms was refilmed in London—and the refilming was done with singular skill, although some of the spiritual lift caught by Griffith is missing. You probably recall Burke's story. A cruel, battered prizefighter lives with his strange terror-haunted daughter in a wretched little makeshift home on the Limehouse water front. He knocks the girl about, finally kills her —but not until a single glint of beauty has touched her, in the love of a young Chinaman.

The role of the motherless waif is done with devastating and arresting horror by an exile from Germany, Dolly Haas. In the famous closet scene, with the brute Burrows beating at the door, she is terror incarnate. While Emlyn Williams's yellow man is not the equal of Mr. Barthelmess's unforgettable Chen, the sadistic Battling Burrows of Arthur Margetson will more than stand up alongside Donald Crisp's murderous pug of 1919.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dolly Haas, who became a star in firstie, is petite, redheaded, brown-eyed, five-feet-two, hundred-poundsie, and is a Hamburger. Brought up in the Hamburg Op. ballet, Dolly ran away to Berlin at fourteen, chorused for Charell, the Berlin Ziggie, then built herself a rep as a character songstress around Berlin nite spots where new talent's developed. Eventually got tapped as Germany's leading farciste. Dolly's now in Hollywood; has saved her money; will get more important money when studio-signed. She's become American slanguage-crazy; speaks only like an underworld character, having been given Mencken's American Language to master good United States. . . . Burly Emlyn Williams is a Welshman thirty-one years old, dark-tressed, blue-eyed, married, and very much of a genius around England. Tremendously precocious, he's the new generation of Coward. Has written plenty of plays and cinemas; has had play Night Must Fall running on London stage for three solid years (it flopped here); and he wrote scenario for this. Writes macabre stuff with

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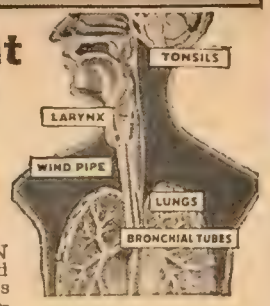

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lots of laughs. . . . Arthur Margetson usually plays dilettantes and other champagne bubbles around England, and much to his surprise was tapped for his first heavy in this. . . . After Broken Blossoms, Twickenham became Broken Studio.

★★½ THE WOMAN ALONE

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, Desmond Tester, John Loder, Joyce Barbour, Matthew Boulton, S. J. Warmington, William Dewhurst. Screen play by Charles Bennett, from the novel The Secret Agent, by Joseph Conrad. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 75 minutes.

THE English steadily are making better pictures. And they are less afraid of stark grimness than our happiness-worshiping Hollywood. Here Alfred Hitchcock, the able maker of 39 Steps, takes Joseph Conrad's novel of espionage, The Secret Agent, and transforms it into a tense drama of considerable power.

The foreign owner of a small London neighborhood movie house is the pawn of a terrorist band. Scotland Yard is hot upon their trail, and Verloc, knowing he is watched, uses his wife's young brother to carry an infernal machine destined to blow up Piccadilly Circus. The innocent boy dallies too long on the way and is blown to bits by the time machine, along with the crowded tram in which he is riding. Thus the young wife loses her brother and discovers the bloody purposes of her husband at one stroke. Here is horror rampant.

That highly promising character actor Oscar Homolka ably plays the sullen schemer; Sylvia Sidney is excellent as his brooding, puzzled wife; John Loder is a handsome Scotland Yard man; and William Dewhurst makes the most of a mad zealot, keeper of a bird store and maker of bombs.

VITAL STATISTICS: Petite Sylvia Sidney welcomed the opportunity to be sold down the Thames River for this Englisher, Walt Wanger negotiating her loan-out just when she was planning a European vacation. . . . Roly-poly megger Alfred Hitchcock is most commercial director in England; has a dynamo concealed in his haunch-paunch-and-jowliness. Is called the Chazz Laughton of meggers. A constant ribber, he tries to embarrass actors offscene but will spend endless hours babying them before cameras. Hopes to see day when his thrillers can be seen on railway trains, which is naturally place to be entertained. . . . Dezz Tester claims he could give Freddie Bartholomew cards and spades and beat him at acting. Dezz has auburn hair, hazel eyes, nonpro parents, an English public-school education. Played the King in Nine Days a Queen. . . . Oscar Homolka was Oom Paul Kruger in Rhodes; is thirty-six; family objected to his going into theater, so he enrolled in Vienna (his birthplace) state drama school. First parts were serious, but everybody laughed; so he played comedy till after the war, which he loathed but fought in. Then he took to serious roles, the war giving him the tragic authority, and on Vienna stages he did translated Emperor Joneses, Juno and the Paycocks, and other high-browies. Got into England in 1935 to play opposite Flora Robson in two-character play Close Quarters. Liked it so well there and was liked so well, he's never left.

★ SHE'S DANGEROUS

THE PLAYERS: Tala Birell, Cesar Romero, Walter Pidgeon, Walter Brennan, Warren Hymer, Jonathan Hale, June Brewster. Original story by Murray Roth and Ben Ryan. Screen play by Lionel Houser, Lewis R. Foster, Milton Carruth, and Albert R. Perkins. Directed by Lewis R. Foster and Milton Carruth. Produced by Universal. Running time, 84 minutes.

A NEW YORK insurance company engages a pretty foreign ex-espionage agent to trace a gang of bond thieves. And the boss Raffles falls hard for the lureful sleuth. There you have the beginning of a

complicated melodramatic plot that gets completely involved, loses all relation to life or reality. Indeed, the lady detective, later unable to prove her true identity, almost goes to the electric chair, framed by the vengeful thieves.

Just a passable melodrama, with Tala Birell an interesting lady Sherlock Holmes. This time that character expert, Walter Brennan, can get little out of the role of an old and lazy Colorado mountaineer.

VITAL STATISTICS: Once a reinhardty understudy of Marlene Dietrich, Tala Birell was imported from Austria by Hollywood to outgarbo Garbo. Her first Hollywood film, Nagana, came out not so good. Tala says there was nothing for her to do but to leave town, which she did, getting lead in B'way's Order Please. Was thereupon drafted from B'way by Columbia to do an imitation of Garbo in a picture, and immediately got a contract for her excellent mime, but decided never again to be any one but herself. Speaks Rumanian, Polish, German, and English without mixing accents. Consults soothsayers constantly to avoid marriage. Is steeped in superstitions of stage. . . . This is one of heel clicker Cesar Romero's infrequent visits to his home lot, where he is pacted but rarely used. . . . Walter Pidgeon, booming baritone, came out to Jollywood to play drama; made Declasse, then five musicals. One day musicals folded. Pidgeon folded along with them. He returned to New York stage. Has been reimported by Hollywood for drama—only now Pidgeon, though he has a magnificent voice, has a proviso in his contract that he sings only at his own request. He's taking no chances that he sing himself out of fame. . . . When Old Atrocity Brennan last worked on Universal lot (where this was made) he made offstage murmurs, chicken clucks, barks, grunts, at five dollars per squeak. Now he returns, at $1,500 a week, to top role. . . . Mug-comic Warren Hymer once ran two dollars up to $1,600 at Santa Anita by playing long shots. . . . Jonathan Hale tries to live the life of the average man offscreen in order to portray him accurately on.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Camille, Black Legion, Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet.

★★★½—After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing.

★★★—One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 49

1—Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy.
2—Burlesque's Public Stripper No. 1.
3—Butter.
4—Leander to woo Hero.
5—The mother of King Lemuel, Proverbs 31:1, 6, 7—"The words of king Lemuel, the prophecy that his mother taught him. . . . Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."
6—Off the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia. The islands are noted for long-fibered cotton.
7—W. A. Julian.
8—Sir Francis Drake (1540-96).
9—Stepfather. George Washington had no children of his own; in 1759 he married Martha (Patsy) Custis, mother of John Parke Custis and Martha Parke Custis.
10—In 1783, thus completing the first lighter-than-air flight to be made in the United States. At Paris, the same year, Joseph Michel Montgolfier and his brother Etienne developed the first modern balloon.
11—At the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. It includes over five million books and pamphlets, as well as maps, published music, prints, manuscripts, etc.
12—John Erskine, born at New York, New York, October 5, 1879.
13—At the age of twenty-two, according to crime studies made by the United States government.
14—No; the flag was designed by Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
15—Ten.
16—The island of Santo Domingo.
17—Shirley Temple.
18—A retort.
19—Yes; fingerprinting originated in China in the fourth century.
20—John Drew

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

I HAVE LOST MY INFERIORITY COMPLEX

by

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I HAVE lost my inferiority complex about America. Complexes of inferiority, the learned tell us, come in our very earliest years. But mine—which was also, I suppose, that of most educated Americans—is an exception. It struck me in my youth. Up to that time, nationally speaking, I carried a complex of vast superiority.

I was reared in the older New England. My father was an old man when I was born. When he was ten years old his father took him from the farm at Sudbury for a day's excursion. They came at last to a seaside town, to a great concourse of people. My grandfather lifted my father to his shoulder. "A great man is going to make a speech here soon," he said, "and I want you to listen to every word he says. Look at his face so hard that you will never forget it."

"The ideal Frenchman of the old school," my father said; "the most beautiful clean-cut profile I ever saw on a man. The crowd was bursting its lungs with applause. Finally he kissed both hands to us, put one hand over his heart, and bowed low. When he straightened up the tears were streaming from his eyes." He was the Marquis de Lafayette, and the occasion was the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument on July 17, 1825—the fiftieth anniversary of the battle that changed a world.

So it must have been my father who gave me my youthful complex of superiority. I believed our people to be the finest people, our government the finest government in the world. However, I was not even then a complete mass of patriotic prejudice. I wondered whether our scenery compared favorably with that of Europe. Although I was walking daily past the exquisite relics of the Georgian age in Boston, I had in me somewhere a conviction that we possessed no distinguished architecture.

Then I began to grow up, to round out my education, to read. That started my inferiority complex, I suppose—reading. I knew of our American inventions—the telephone, the telegraph, the steamboat, and the incandescent electric light—and Edison. I had acquired the notion that when it came to science or anything resembling science, America simply could not be beaten. It came like a dash of cold water to learn that the discovery of the great scientific forces behind these inventions came from Europe, not America. True, the books mentioned an American named Benjamin Franklin who proved that electricity and lightning are the same thing. But that was a detail held immaterial to the main argument. We were "clever inventors," and that let us out.

I began to take an interest in politics. At the time, we were all harping on the corruption in our great Amer-

Doughboys at Chaumont. "I believe no European appreciated the

ican cities, and the reformers were constantly holding up to us the bright contrast of the British cities and the German cities. I swallowed that, too, overlooking the consecrated graft abroad.

And what foreigners said of us—when they said anything at all! Sydney Smith asked, "Who ever reads an American book or goes to an American play?" Leigh Hunt said that when he heard the words "United States" he pictured a vast counter stretching along the whole Atlantic coast, with merchandise selling briskly night and day. I burned with indignation—but it sank in.

Then I began to travel, both in my own country and abroad. Here I discovered that we had scenery beautiful, awe-inspiring, in many ways unique. In the Indian Southwest I discovered towns whose history, as chanted by the medicine men, begins before the Romans left England. Abroad, I made at least a superficial acquaintance with the large well ordered democracy of Great Britain, the intelligent, fiery, more bureaucratic democracy of France, the solid simple democracy of Switzerland. In matters of government I found these countries superior in some respects. In others we had all the advantage. My inferiority complex was beginning to crack a trifle. But that compartment of it which covered art and literature still held firm.

Then came the World War. I lived in three Allied countries. I hated war. But I watched the Allied peoples with profound admiration and sympathy. Yet I suppose I shall never know any emotion quite parallel to the pride of patriotism which I felt when I saw the scratched-up Sixteenth Infantry, with Pershing at the head, march through Paris to the grave of that Lafayette of my father's story. Across three thousand miles of water we were to send more than two million after them—we who entered the war virtually unprepared. I believe that no European appreciated the stupendousness of that effort, and that no European appreciates it even yet. Certainly I hope that none will ever again have a chance to depreciate a similar effort on our part.

And where was the boastful American of the old European novels—the one who was so sure that America could lick all creation? Allied officers who gave our troops their final polishing before sending them into the line reported universally that their main common characteristic was humbleness about their knowledge of war and eagerness to learn.

It seems to me that all during the World War people were holding their ideals of patriotism up to the light and examining them with that absorption which comes from fear and anguish. I can put my own present beliefs into a few sentences. Patriotism is inevitable. We must love the place where our roots lie. It does not matter whether the place be beautiful or ugly. The love of country, the instinct to live for it, to guard it, to develop it, the urge to increase its integrity, is a necessity of the human soul.

In the World War we became an adult nation. And somewhere in the process we lost our complex of inferi-

"Among great nations, Britain and Japan alone exist now in the same form as when we ratified our Constitution."

stupendousness of our World War effort, and none does even yet."

ority. Certainly I lost mine. It wore away as year after year I watched this mad postwar world. I saw every one of our associates in the war, except little Finland, repudiate its debt to us. And we took it on the chin and came up smiling. I saw us pass through a period of prosperity which has no parallel in world history. And yet, for all the vulgar spending, America did not seem to lose her soul. It is true that no one could boast much of the prohibition spasm with its incidental murder and disorder. Most of us, however, were by now mature enough to realize that the picture we presented to other nations was not half so important as the one we presented to ourselves. Now that it is over, we can even take a certain pride in it. The unwise use of alcohol has always been a "problem" in white man's civilization. We alone have dared to attack the evil with drastic measures, and, when the experiment failed, to admit ourselves wrong.

In the meantime the soul of America had been tried in another fiery furnace. Depressions we have had in the past. But none other plunged us from such heights of prosperity to such depths of poverty and anxiety. We had, like the rest of the world, to face the possibility of a national collapse. But we bore it with the old unblenching spirit that in less than a century had civilized a raw continent. Other nations, no more sorely tried, broke under the strain. But we—we had even fewer strikes than usual. If you except the bonus march on Washington—a side issue really—we had no disturbance worthy of attention. We have been tried in a fiery furnace whose flames burned for five years. We have come out purified but of the same substance—cheerful, humorous, forward-looking, above all superbly courageous.

And James Truslow Adams said the word which shattered the last corner of my inferiority complex. He remarked that the government of the United States was now about the oldest government in the world. It was true. Among the greater nations, Britain and Japan alone exist now in the same form as when we ratified our Constitution. The rest had changed fundamentally their form of government at some time or another—a few, like France, again and again. The principle created by our simple transatlantic forefathers had worked. There is a flexibility about our Constitution which makes it capable of resisting titanic stresses.

I reviewed my old inferiority complex.

Science—exit the theory of mere clever inventors! The Nobel prize in science is given for fundamental discoveries, and beginning with Albert Michelson early in the century, half a dozen Americans have won it.

A Thoughtful American Peers Into Her Country's Past and Present and Offers Stirring Proof of Its New, Commanding Place in the World of Today

Both Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill have received the Nobel prize for literature, and Lewis beat two other Americans, Theodore Dreiser and Willa Cather; only by a hair. And they four were not imitating European models. The philosophies of John Dewey are standard reading in the New Russia. These and a dozen other Americans have stretched a ring of print round the globe. When, a century ago, Sydney Smith sneered at American plays, he was unmannerly but right. Few Europeans would have cared in his day to see our earlier dramas. But all Europe is trooping now to witness the plays of Marc Connelly and Elmer Rice, as well as those of O'Neill. A foreign critic has called our modern drama the most vital in the world.

Then the motion pictures, American from machinery to art! The mechanism was the creation of our Edison; an American parson invented the flexible film that made it practicable; and two other Americans, Case and De Forest, gave it speech. On Union Square, New York, and in nascent Hollywood, Americans worked out the art of it. This has been called the only advance in the drama in three hundred years.

Art. I cannot even list the American painters who are famous in Europe.

Architecture. Again the only new style in three hundred years is American. When, forty years ago, the skyscraper was only a tall box, Europeans laughed at it. But as we worked it out to its logical conclusion, they first tolerated it, then admired, then imitated.

Music. Well, traditionally we are not a very musical people. Yet the harmonies and rhythms of jazz and blues, sprung humbly from American soil, have become the base of a new music the world over.

Always visiting foreigners have been extremely frank in their comments on the United States. In my childhood these frank criticisms used to hurt. Now, though some foreigners continue to be ironic, satiric, sarcastic, probably they are on the whole more flattering than of old. But, be they favorable or unfavorable, we take them in our stride. I am only typical of my countrymen, I suppose. As a nation we have recovered from our complex of inferiority. I only hope that we do not go to the other extreme and pass to national conceit. That way lies national death.

THE END

Vox Pop

Should Juniors Be Spared the Death Penalty?

WANTAGH, N. Y.—The American people are the most inhuman race in the world—against its own. We lack the natal loyalty so prominent in foreign lands. We the people make the laws—elect representatives whom we wish to put our ideas to Congress and to get the laws we want. Let us all now join a movement to correct a grave injustice against youth and their families. Let's melt the icicles from our hearts and become human. Until twenty-one years of age our children cannot vote, own property, go into business, or sign a legal document or check.

It matters not his integrity or training—he is a minor.

But let him come afoul of the law, and then right away he becomes a man and must take man's punishment.

Some stupid people believe that most of our young criminals are ignorant foreigners who deserve to be put out of the way or given long jail sentences. The records of all our courts and jails prove that this is very untrue. The rich and middle class perpetrate the most dreadful crimes. For a boy to meet bad companions and rob a cigar store for a little candy and cigarettes does not stamp him a criminal, even if one "wise guy" in the group had a gun and used it. We must not turn bloodthirsty cannibals and kill them all.

My solution would be to establish an institution for girls and one for boys *who are not incorrigible,* no matter what their crime has been. Teach them that gangsters are not the heroes depicted by offensive papers but are hunted rats. Show them a life of decency and construction they did not know on the outside, instead of ruining their lives. This construction should and could be done along with our other youth programs and at a low cost. That is, if you figure human life worth anything.

A year ago four American boys—only one of whom had ever been entangled with the law before—were sent to the electric chair because one used a gun. Who cared? We big-hearted loyal Americans were so absorbed with and anxious to see that a confessed criminal with a long record—a man without a country—should, after committing a dastardly crime, be given a fair trial. We spent millions of taxpayers' money, that a man hated in his own country should be treated with every ounce of justice. Where was your sense of fair play and common sense, that you did not heed the call of four good American mothers pleading not to kill their boys?

Mothers of America, *resolve* that, for the good of all, our courts of law must mete out more human kindness to those of us who brought citizens into the world.

Resolve that a government that can take your boy to fight and suffer and die on foreign soil for the mistakes and greed of man must be given a chance to become a man before exacting the extreme penalty, or before the government can incarcerate your boy or girl with vile criminals whom you have spent your life to teach them to avoid.—*E. J. Itjen.*

A PRAYER FOR HUSBANDS

U. S. S. TUSCALOOSA—In reading the December 12 issue of Liberty, under the caption Vox Pop I came across the letter from Reta Rae dealing with the subject of wife spanking.

May I at this time, and as a former resident of Sioux City, Iowa, make some truth-founded remarks on the subject in question?

Some thirteen years ago I was one of the local cowboys—or drugstore Willies, if you desire it that way—and from what I saw and know about the married women of that town (the single ones as well) they deserve not only a spanking but a good sound shellacking from a razor strop laid on the right places.

Of course my assertions are based on things that happened some years ago, but if I am any judge of those corn-fed dames in that town, and I am under the belief that I am, may the good Lord give the husbands strength in their task.

They need it.—*Robert A. Kern.*

ANTHONY ABBOT AND THE WENDEL CASE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In Liberty of December 19, 1936, page 60, Anthony Abbot raises the question: "How far is a police official justified in going in his dealings with criminal and underworld characters—granting, of course, that those dealings are entered into in the pursuit of what he believes to be the truth about a given crime?" In Liberty of December 26, page 36, Abbot asks: "Did Ellis Parker—granting his sincere belief at the time that Wendel was the actual kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby—have the right to order the superintendent of that insane asylum to hold a citizen there against his will?" And: "Did the superintendent act in accordance with his obligations to his office and to the people of the state when he carried out Parker's alleged instructions?"

I assume these questions are asked in good faith, though they appear to be raised in hope the public may sanction wrongdoing on the part of officials.

Answering the questions specifically, I know of no law, federal or state, that excuses a public official for criminal acts committed by him. Granting even that the officer has positive proof that the prisoner committed the crime, there is no authority of law anywhere for one person, whether public official or citizen, to commit a crime in hopes of obtaining evidence to punish another person for committing a different crime.

Persistent questioning of a prisoner against his will is an offense. Beating or striking a prisoner—except for the purpose of preventing his escape or in absolute self-defense—is a crime. Taking a person from one state to another without lawful direction of the courts in a federal offense, or extradition proceedings in a state offense, is a crime. If Wendel's story is to be believed, his article shows several crimes on the part of so-called constituted authority.

With reference to the superintendent of the insane asylum, I know of no authority anywhere for such an official to hold a citizen except by order of the court after proper hearing.

The American people are long-suffering, but there is a growing conviction that whenever police officers are accused of criminal methods, those police must be tried for the crime.—*Law Enforcement.*

DR. ERSKINE DRAWS SOME FIRE

MIAMI, FLA.—I have all due respect for John Erskine as a clever writer, but I am afraid he let his imagination run riot when writing Why Be Polite to Women? (January 9 Liberty).

We young women do not expect men

to give up their places in streetcars and busses. We understand that they are tired after a hard day's work, as we are. But when they will leave an elderly lady or gentleman clinging precariously to a strap—that's the height of ill manners.

It is invariably the young lady who rises to the occasion, literally. I know—I pride myself on being one of them.

As for stepping to the front of the line before a bank window, I have never seen this done by a *woman.*—*D. M. W.*

CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Number 10 horizontal in the Crossword Puzzle of January 2 Liberty specifies "California impossibilities." The answer to this is given as "snows."

May I suggest that you pay a visit to California? If you are too busy to take such a trip I deem it a pleasure to inform you that snows are *not* California impossibilities!—*Ernest Eugene Akins.*

SAVAGERY?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Savage America, by Will Irwin (January 16 Liberty), to me is pure rot.

It is often necessary in this country for the citizens to take the law into their own hands. The reason is shyster lawyers, "weak-sister" judges, and "nice Nellie" societies whose watchword is, "He didn't know any better."

Let us suppose that some night Mr. Irwin is awakened by noises in the next room, where some female member of the family is sleeping alone. Mr. Irwin grabs his gun to go in and investigate. As he switches on the light a horrible scene confronts him.

Would Mr. Irwin run out and call a cop? If he didn't blow the brains out of the attacker, then he should turn the gun on himself. Of course, that is only supposing.

Any man who commits or attempts to commit murder or rape knows that he does so at the risk of his life at the hands of any citizen or law-enforcing officer. Of course, the lawyers and those who work in the courts complain, because there is no profit in prosecuting or defending a dead man.—*S. O. S.*

HARDTACK AND HIS SISTER

NORRISTOWN, PA.—We have been wondering if "Hardtack" wouldn't find a sister (and call her "Thumbtack") an interesting asset. They say you should not raise an only child. They need a companion.—*Eunice S. Dewees.*

MORE DATES FOR LIBERTY

MUSKEGON, MICH.—Why don't you date Liberty on the inside pages as well as the outside? My kidlets pull off the covers, and when I get all set to catch up on my back reading or enjoy the continued stories at one sitting, I have an awful time putting the copies in order.—*Mrs. F. G. Charon.*

EPIC

DURANT, OKLA.—

GIMMEGOGS
A Short Short Poem,
By I. D. Claire.
READING TIME—
Well, Who Would Care?
A land that's bossed
By Demagogs
Must bear the cost
Of Gimmegogs.
—*Claude N. Click.*

ALGEBRAIC CANDLELIGHT

WALDEN, N. Y.—In your Puzzle by Candlelight (January 16 Liberty) there may be two answers. According to elementary algebra, the answer is also three hours and forty minutes. This leaves twenty minutes for the four-hour candle to burn, and eighty minutes for the five-hour candle to burn, making one exactly four times the other.—*Jules Abbott, D. D. S.*

MANY A POLITICIAN DID GO TO COLLEGE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Stribling's article in January 2 Liberty on the low caliber of most of our politicians is very good, but I do not agree with his idea of a cure. He contends that a college education for politicians would make them honest.

Check over any list of aldermen or congressmen, and you will find that 75 per cent of them are lawyers—all college graduates. True, it isn't the high-grade lawyer, as a rule, that goes into politics, but the failures with only a gift of gab and willing to be machine-controlled.

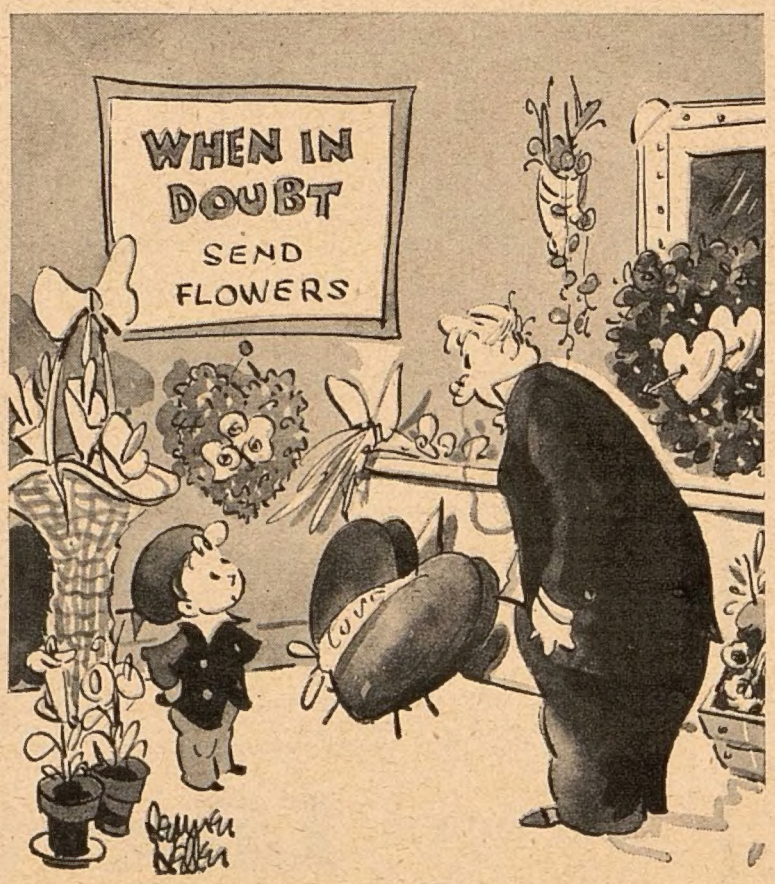
Honesty and character aren't acquired with a college degree. Arouse people to demand men respected in their communities and most of the evil will be eliminated.—*David Somers.*

SNOBSERVATIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—American Beauty roses for Walton Green, author of Wise Virgin. In this story (January 16 Liberty) he has created a character with the foresight of Abraham Lincoln. This man, Ernest Wolfe, makes the following philosophical statement: "Who isn't a snob? Ninety-nine per cent of our customers are snobs. Our business is built on snobbery. I'm a snob—to hire your charming but inefficient niece—in the expectation that her snob friends will buy stockings from her."

What a character, and what an author!—*Emelda Deshaies.*

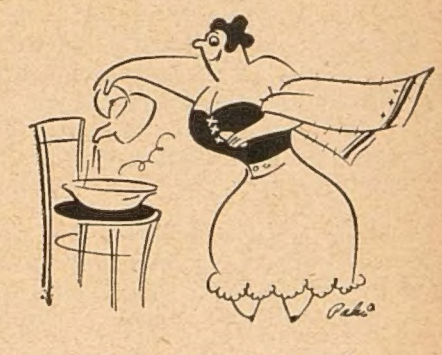
"HARDTACK"



"I'm not in doubt, but can I send some just the same?"

HOW GRANDMA TOOK A BATH

DETROIT, MICH.—I thought some of your readers might be interested in the following instructions in bath-taking, which I copied from an 1870 edition of Erich's Fashion Quarterly:



MY LADY'S BATH

You only want a basin of water, a towel, a rag, and five minutes' time. When you get up in the morning, pin a petticoat very loosely at the waist, draw your arms out of the sleeves of your chemise, and let it drop to your waist. Take your rag, well wetted, and slap your chest and throw handfuls of water around your ears and back of the neck. Then throw your towel across your back and "saw" it dry. Put on your chemise sleeves, draw on a nightgown, to keep from chilling, while you tuck your skirts up under one arm until you wash and dry one limb. Drop that side and do the other likewise. This done, sit down, dip one foot in the basin, rub and dry it, put on your stocking and shoe, and then wash the other.

How times have changed! Today we strip and sprint thusly down the hall to the shower.—*Jean Scott.*

DISAPPOINTED IN OUR SINS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the Twenty Questions of January 9 Liberty the answer to Number 8 gives the seven deadly sins as "anger, unchastity, pride, vainglory, gluttony, envy, and avarice."

According to the Catholic Church, which I believe established such items, the seven deadly sins are pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. As an ardent answerer of Twenty Questions, and with a batting average of about nine hundred, I am disappointed. — *William Preston Smith.*

HOW BIG IS A TOWNSHIP?

DIX, NEB.—I have read and liked very much Leave Up the Star, by Lenora Mattingly Weber (December 26 Liberty).

The transfer of the strip of hayland from Mase Pruett was described as the southwest quarter of Section 42.

In our country land is described as sections numbers 1 to 36, as a township is six miles square. Hence there is no section number 42. Is this true in all states?—*C. A. Stahly.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

HOQUIAM, WASH.—A year ago Dr. James H. Benedict complained against a man who sold him some virtually worthless stocks for $968. Prosecutor Paul O. Manley filed a grand-larceny charge, but recently asked for dismissal of it. The stocks have risen in value, giving Dr. Benedict a $700 profit.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Charles F. Cole sued Mrs. Dorothy Cole for divorce. He charged his wife mixed soap in his oatmeal in the morning "just to annoy him."

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Unable to sleep because of street noises, Joseph Di Fozio rolled soft dough from fresh bread and pressed it into his ears. He slept. The dough hardened. Atlantic City Hospital physicians finally got it out, and Di Fozio promised that next time he would try cotton.

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—After twenty-eight years of married life, George de Vor read an astrology book which revealed the fact that he and his wife were born under adverse planets. He requested his wife to file suit for divorce so that he might find a mate that came under a more congenial planet. She did.

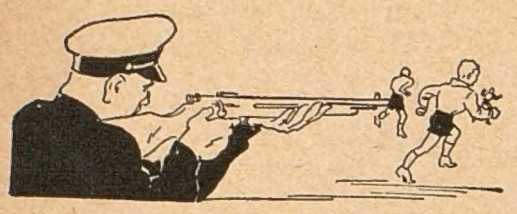
HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

They say—

That the children in Soviet Russia are "the happiest in the world." (From International Correspondence, official organ of the Komintern, July 20, 1935.)

But—

"Thirty children, not being able to bear the treatment at the Leouchinski Model School, 'Education Through Work,' of Leningrad, ran away into the forests early this year. Nobody bothered to fetch them back. In July 140 children, out of a total of 250, also ran away. A posse composed of



the headmaster and teachers gave chase in the woods, firing at them. For a long time afterward the school infirmary echoed to the cries of wounded children. The authorities fully approved the headmaster's action." From For Communist Enlightenment, official publication of the Commissariat for Public Education, July 30, 1935.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY TOM HALL

Will Sonja Henie Change Our Styles in Beauty?

Is the sleek, shining, exquisitely groomed girl of the cocktail lounge and supper club on the way out? Are orchids and ermines, darkened eyelids and plucked eyebrows suddenly to give way to the fresh out-of-door type of loveliness so delightfully personified by the vivacious blonde skating champion from Norway?

Sonja Henie has been queen of the ice for years. Her first moving picture reveals that she is sweeping on to fresh laurels; that women are flocking to see her in crowds which have not been equaled since Constance Bennett set the styles for millions a few years ago.

Adela Rogers St. Johns' vivid pen reveals to you in Liberty next week the secret of Sonja's captivating charm and loveliness—an appeal made even more striking because, by a strange coincidence, the picture featuring Sonja is presented concurrently with the frail but flaming beauty of Garbo in Camille. Decidedly this is an article for all women in all places!

CORONATION SECRETS

What thoughts will be in the mind of Great Britain's king when on May 12 he stands in his gorgeous raiment, surrounded by the great figures of Church and State, and on his head is placed the crown of his ancestors? Will he, as the twenty-one-gun salute echoes through Westminster's arches and the shouts of the crowd well up in a mighty roar, think of a certain boyish-looking gentleman of forty-two, dressed in a checkered plus-four suit and a striped shirt?

And the crowds that watch the coronation coach of gold and glass, drawn by its eight cream-colored horses in trappings of scarlet and gold—how many were numbered among those who recently besieged the Prime Minister's residence bearing placards proclaiming their everlasting loyalty to Edward VIII?

Frederick L. Collins in Liberty next Wednesday gives you a thrilling story of the coronation—of its pomp and splendor, its traditional ceremonies; and with it a poignant picture of the coronation ghost of a departed idol who wanders the streets of London town.

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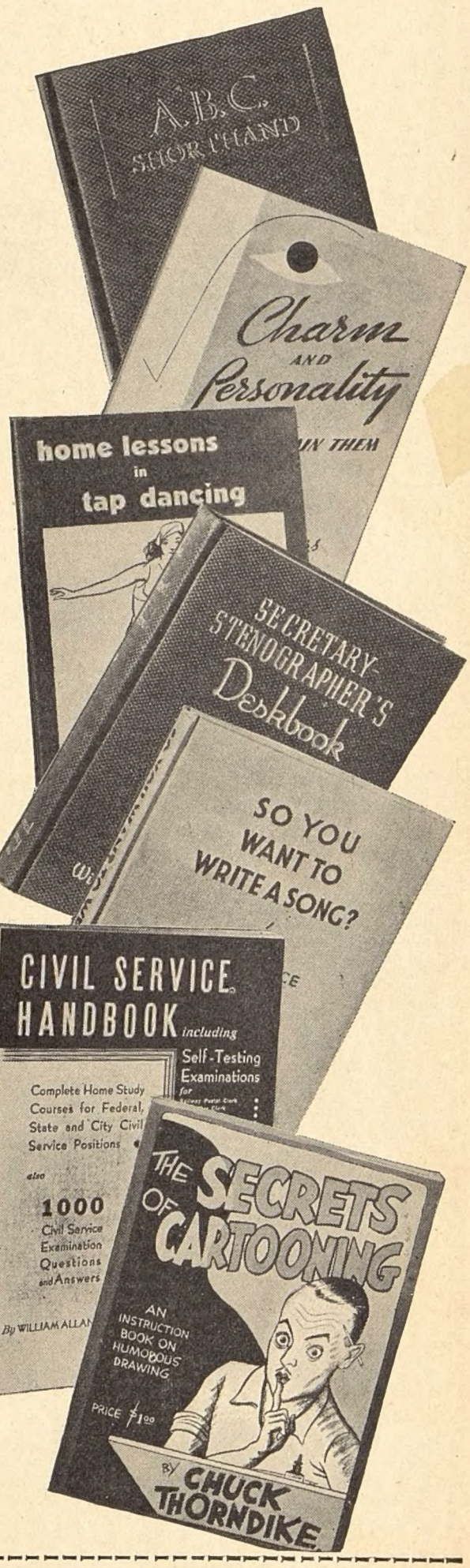
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